



*Experience teaches at too dear a price;  
Read this and cheaply learn to shun each vice.*

*Published by J. Roach, Woburn Street, New Drury Theatre Royal. 1795.*



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A  
 Fortnights Ramble through  
**LONDON,**  
 OR  
*a complete Display of all the*  
**CHEATS and FRAUDS**  
*Practized in that great Metropolis,*  
*with*  
 The best Methods for eluding them.



*Being a Pleasing Narrative of the Adventures  
 of a Farmer's Son Published at his Request for  
 the Benefit of his Country.*

LONDON.  
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T O  
T H E R E A D E R.

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**T**HOUGH the adventures I met with in my Fortnight's Ramble, are in the general highly ludicrous, yet the reading of them, and some solid reflections made on the causes that brought them about, and the manner in which they happened, may serve as a caution to others to avoid similar situations, and thus preserve their health, their money, and reputation, without which, a man in the present age, is little better than a cypher. I therefore, most strenuously recommend to you to make repeated observations on the incidents you

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will find related in this small volume, as they will very probably be the means of preserving you from the bad consequences that I have experienced ; and save you those severe pangs of body and mind that have corroded me ; until the generous forgiveness of my parents, and the softening hand of time, had worn away in some measure, the deep impressions my folly had made upon me.

**‘AND LEARN EXPERIENCE FROM ANOTHER’S WOES.’**

I have taken a good deal of pains to gain information concerning the manners and customs of my countrymen, and find, that one of their principle characteristics is a mistaken notion, that no young man is qualified to live comfortably in the world, unless he has travelled a good distance from home to learn experience.

Hence it proceeds, that the man of large fortune will send his son to make the tour of Europe ; where, instead of useful knowledge, he picks up  
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the most egregious vices, and brings them home to his native England, as elegant accomplishments. Did the misfortune stop here, it would not be very injurious—though, I must confess, that the example of the great has such an influence on those of the next degree to them, and so on like the steps of a ladder, until you get into the garret of the apple and rabbit hawker, that there is strong reason to apprehend an universal contagion, as destructive as the deluge in Noah's time.

The country farmer, shop-keeper, manufacturer, and others, who, by dint of industry, have scraped together a few hundreds or thousands, never think their sons can be sufficiently accomplished, until they have paid a visit to the little world, called London. Here they are to grow smart, to learn to know the world, and qualify themselves for business; but if parents would consider, that here also their children are instructed in almost every vice under Heaven, and have very little chance of see-



ing the practice of any one virtue, I believe they would be prudent enough to keep their sons at home, where, if they sometimes happen to fall into the snares of artful and selfish men, at least they preserve that innocence which is the jewel of life, and the sweet comforter under every calamity.

I hope my gentle readers will pardon this short treatise on morality, as my design is rather to serve them by putting them on their guard, than to indulge my own *cathoece scribendi*.

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# FORTNIGHT'S RAMBLE

## THROUGH L O N D O N.

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### CHAPTER I.

*My father's proposal—the inn—strange company—frightened by the captain—robbed by him the next day—our arrival at London.*

**M**Y father, who is a wealthy farmer near Stratford upon Avon, in Warwickshire, having taken me from school at the age of nineteen, proposed, previous to my settling with him in his rural employment, that I should see the Metropolis, or, as one might say, the whole world in epitome.

During my residence at school, I had conceived a violent attachment for an amiable young woman, about my own age, the daughter of an eminent grazier in the vicinity of the market town where the school is situated, and one of the people called quakers. I had every reason to believe that our affection

affection was mutual, and as we knew the consent of her parents was impossible to be obtained, we resolved to take a trip to Scotland, if by any means we could raise money for the journey.

But to my inexpressible mortification, the father of my fair one, discovering our design, instantly sent his daughter to her uncle, formerly a rich merchant of London, lately retired to his country seat; but in what part of England he resided, I could not acquire the least intimation of.

My father, one day, in the presence of my mother and several of his friends, thus addressed me with the utmost good nature and benevolence: "George, you have been many years at an excellent school, and, by the report of your good master, I find he has no cause to be ashamed of you as his scholar; but, whatever progress your industry has made in learning, yet without taking a view of men and manners, you will prove what we may call a learned blockhead. I shall supply you with plenty of money to furnish fine and fashionable cloathes on your arrival in that famous town, and likewise shall commend you to my cousin, Measurewell, the woollen-draper, of Drury-Lane, to whom I shall write, desiring him to shew you all the wonders and curiosities of that woundy marvellous place. But be sure to keep clear of bad women and bad men; shun the company of harlots, sharpers, and swindlers, and by the time you have been a quarter of a year there, you will be a smart fellow, and able to entertain us all with your rambles and adventures."

So saying, my father put ten guineas into my hand,

hand, and also told out no less than an hundred more of his hoarded yellow boys, which he deposited in a purse, and charged me to commit them to the care of his cousin, that I might occasionally draw from him what might be necessary in the course of my peregrinations.

Thus equipped, and my cloathes and linen put into a large portmanteau, one of the servants accompanied me to the market town, where I immediately paid for a place in the stage, and so waited at the inn till the coach was ready to set off for London.

I walked into the parlour and sat down with the company, which consisted of a rider to a great house in London, a shabby officer, like Gibbet in the Beaux Stratagem, and a young woman, whom I took to be a lady's waiting maid.

The moment I beheld the apparent soldier, I conceived an idea of his being a villain not much disguised. My imagination was suddenly filled with a dreadful horror not easily to be transmitted to language. I would gladly have retired to rest, but supper being set on the table, I could not withdraw. "Come, come, my friends," quoth the captain, "no ceremony—grace after meat, as the old saying is—every one help himself, and God help us all—but I must help the lady myself."

The conversation turned upon the danger on the road, of meeting with what the rider called collectors. The captain swore that he was not in the least afraid of such people, as he never carried much money about him. "We gentlemen of the army," vociferated the military genius, "often display



display the art of getting, but seldom discover the art of keeping cash. Guineas and bank notes are but gew gaws in the sight of a soldier.

The rider spoke with caution, declaring that he seldom returned to town with a single crown; adding, "had an highwayman met me on Hounslow-heath, or any of the commons near London, on my setting out for the country, he might have had a chance for something, but that is laid out, and I return with orders and no payment."

"For my part," said the lady—people in my situation generally leave their wages in the hands of their mistresses, till they can get husbands, and then are obliged to wait for months or years, unless they marry such servants in the family who may be favourites of their mistresses."

"What do you say, young gentleman," cried the captain, looking earnestly at me—eh! Sir! you seem to say but little; but sly as you appear, I dare say you are not going to London without a plentiful supply of the ready."

To this I answered with much perturbation and a tremulous voice, that my father was too cautious a man, to entrust me with more than for bare travelling expences, and that all I had farther to expect was in the hands of a friend, who had directions to supply me just so far as necessity required.

The captain was not apparently much pleased with my answer. His looks betrayed a doubt of the veracity of his companions. "Well, well," said he, in a muttering tone—since we are all poor devils



devils let us retire in good time, to be up early for the coach."

I instantly got up; a few lines of my master, Horace, whom in my exercise at school, I had attempted to imitate, forcibly struck my mind, which here appear in a better dress, previous to my exit I delivered to the company.

If you will use the little that you have,  
More has not Heaven to give, nor you to crave,  
Cease to complain. He never can be poor  
Who has sufficient, and who wants no more.  
If but from cold, and piercing hunger free,  
The richest monarch can but equal thee.

On entering my bed-chamber I perceived another bed, and doubted not but one of the company would sleep there, and the dread that it should be the captain, induced me to conceal my money. This I cautiously did, by tying it up in an handkerchief, which I wrapped round my head, and covered with a night-cap, which lay on the pillow for my use.

Soon falling asleep, I was tortured by a most dreadful dream, in which I beheld the captain, with one eye closed, come up to me in an extended field, demanding my money with horrible execrations. This awful vision caused me to awake, when I beheld the officer actually sitting on the other bed undressing, and laying a pair of pistols on the chair by him.

In this situation I could not resume my rest, but  
resolved

resolved to watch his motions. During the dark, about one o'clock in the morning, I heard the captain get up, and walk softly to my bed-side. I think I never felt so much dread and horror in any part of my preceding life. He had observed, no doubt, before the candle was taken away, that I had spread my cloaths over me on the bed; these he gently searched, feeling in every pocket, as also he did those of my breeches, which he cautiously drew from beneath my pillow. Finding a few shillings, only he returned them, and then went away muttering; "D—n him, he has told the truth at least, but the rest of the company must have more money than they have owned."

Greatly relieved, as I most certainly was at his departure, I could not court the goddess of soft repose to attend my couch, I kept wakeful till the servant called us up to go to the coach. I quickly dressed, secured my cash, and took the first seat in the vehicle. The rest soon after came out and accompanied me. Nothing particularly occurred during the morning. We travelled comfortably, and arriving at the dinner inn enjoyed an excellent repast. After dinner, standing in the garden unseen, I perceived the captain whispering to the coachman. This revived the alarm in my mind, and determined me to secure my cash in the most secret manner I could devise; reserving only a little silver in my pocket, to answer present exigencies. The sudden disappearance of the captain contributed not a little to the renewal of my suspicion of his character. I knew his designs were dark as *Erebus*, and thought the coachman but little better. We, however, resumed our seats, and found  
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the captains place filled up by a gentleman, whom I had not seen before.

About the distance of ten miles from the inn, we were suddenly surprized with an insonorous voice, exclaiming, D—n your day-lights, stop the coach! The coachman readily obeyed the mandate, and quickly a man, with a black patch on one eye, a great cut on one cheek, and his face apparently painted with a copper colour, thus vociferated at the door of the carriage: Quick! quick, D—me; deliver, or I will fire this moment!"

I instantly recognized the features of the fiend like the captain, especially his aquiline nose which pointed down to his chin with a broad nob, which I could safely have sworn to. I had too well remarked his visage the preceding evening to be mistaken of the man, whom I had seen in my dream, and whose black design I had, during the whole night, so dreadfully anticipated.

Fear and trembling pervaded the company the moment of the man's appearance. The rider cast four guineas into his cap, when the fellow exclaimed; "your pocket-book, Sir. d—me; I offered some shillings—" d— your silver! keep it you young puppy," cried the highwayman. The strange gentleman gave him his watch and purse, and the lady two or three guineas, and afterwards was obliged, by his threats and curses, to deliver her purse into the bargain.

The son of depredation suddenly rode away,  
our

our vehicle drove on, and we arrived in the great city early in the morning of Sunday, which I shall call the first day of my fortnight's ramble through London. Few of the other incidents which occurred on the road are worthy of record, and the principle design of this volume is to depict the various and more remarkable adventures which arose in the scenes presented in the famed emporium of England.

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## CHAPTER II:

*The bawd—St. Paul's—the chaunting—the sermon—my pocket picked—Brothers the prophet sent to Bridewell, &c.*

AS we entered the town at Hyde-park Corner, we had a long passage through the suburbs into the city, in the centre of which was the inn where we alighted. After a comfortable refreshment, we were conducted to different apartments to repose ourselves after a tedious journey. Finding every thing about me quite safe, I slept sound, free from dreams, and remained in a state of happy insensibility till past nine, when I awoke, concealed my money, and breakfasted in the parlour with the same company, attended by a jolly landlady, and an elderly muffled-up gentlewoman, whose countenance was not only uncomely, but forbidding and disgusting.

I soon observed the eyes of the old lady fixed on Nancy, our female companion in travel, and



as soon as the landlady retired, thus addressed her in a tone of affection and apparent sincerity :

“ Well, my dear child, you are come to London to seek your fortune, and so pretty a face, and so elegant a person cannot fail of success. So tell me, do you mean to go to service?—there is a lady of quality, a friend of mine, who wants a pretty smart agreeable girl to be her companion—I can recommend you to her. I love all those who come from Yorkshire—it is my own country—but you cannot appear in that dress—you have quite the air of a young country innocent creature—you must come home to my house until you get a proper dress—and then you may go and be as happy as your heart can desire.”

Mr. Portfolio the rider, my fellow-traveller gave me the wink at the beginning of this discourse, which drew my attention, and Nancy returned the following answer :

“ You are very kind, madam, to be sure, to make such generous offers to a person who is entirely a stranger to you—but I fear you will not be so well inclined to serve me, when I inform you that I am not of your country.”

“ A fig for that,” replied the old lady with a feigned smile—“ your sweet face is enough to make any body love you, and I will do every thing for you the same as if you was my own sister’s child. You are quite a stranger in this wicked town, and if you should fall into bad hands, Heaven only knows the consequence. You are too innocent and unexperienced, my dear child, to guard  
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yourself against the snares that are every day laid to entrap such beautiful young women."

"To be sure," answered Nancy, "I ought to be thankful for your kind expressions; but my mother, who has been in London, has often cautioned me to beware of persons of our sex of a certain description; who, under the mask of protection and friendship, would tempt me to betray my modesty, virtue, and religion."

"Your mother was right, my dear child—I am highly pleased to hear you are religiously inclined—I am going to the tabernacle this very blessed morning, and should be much pleased with your company,"

"Remember, said my mother, continued Nancy, that in London you will not meet with a stranger who will offer to do you an act of kindness without some immediate or distant view to interest." Indeed she was perfectly right in general, my dear," replied the hog in hypocrisy.

"Then, my dear madam," said the other gentleman who came with us in the stage, give me leave to ask you, what your motives can be for shewing so much partiality for a person whom you never saw before?"

"O, my good friends," quoth the rider, "I know the old lady well. She keeps a great wine hotel in H—— Row, near St. Martin's, and usually attends the delivery of the stage, to see if any goods are brought to her market—she is well known about Covent Garden, and has frequently been represented on the stage at the Hay-Market theatre,

theatre, in the character of old mother Cole, the methodistical procurefs."

Here the old lady lost all patience, and broke out in the strains of Billingsgate. The company bestowed upon her a general hiss, and she suddenly disappeared—cursing Nancy as an ugly harlot.

Mr. Portfolio, who said he was quite disengaged during the whole day, as his employer was retired to his country seat for that day, proposed to attend such of the company as might be disposed, to St. Paul's cathedral, I immediately accepted the offer, and Nancy, after a slight hesitation, also agreed to make one, and so return to dine at the inn.

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310 Previous to our setting out, I chanced to take up the Sunday Monitor, in the postscript of which I discovered the name of Measurewell, as a bankrupt. This discovery induced me to wave for the day my intended visit to that eminent woollen draper, to whom, as before hinted, I had a letter from my worthy father, and in whose hands I meant, as directed, to deposit, *pro tempore*, the money allowed for my expenditure.

As service was begun, our guide urged us on so precipitately, that I had little or no time to view the marvellous fabric without, which, however, at the first sight filled me with admiration at its vast magnificence and sublimity. On entering the church my astonishment was greatly increased, and when under the swelling dome, my mind was almost totally overwhelmed with such a dread as I am incapable of expressing.

As we entered the choir, *Te Deum* was chaunting, which, with the whole succeeding service filled my mind with rapture. To me the service was the more sublime, as I had never before been in a cathedral, or heard the heavenly sound of the organ.

The solemn service being closed, the bishop of the diocese having mounted the pulpit whilst the creed was sung, proceeded to preach such a pious, learned, and sublime sermon, that I never before had heard from any preacher. The substance of that excellent discourse I shall ever remember, but it is foreign to my purpose to trouble my reader with matter so serious.

During the sermon the clock struck eleven with a tremendous noise, when, in imitation of others surrounding us, I was going to look at my watch, but, behold, I found my fob empty. I was consoling myself with the hope that I had left it at the inn, when, feeling in my left breeches pocket, I also missed my money; which I did not much mind, as it was no more than about nine or ten shillings. I discovered that my capital stock was yet safe; but on putting my hand into my side-pocket, I missed my book which contained nothing of so much account as the letter of my father to Mr. Measurewell. However, the whole sermon and ceremony was closed by the bishop's benediction, and we retired with infinitely less trouble than we entered, as the main crowd was dissipated soon after the sermon began.

We called at the great little pastry-cook's opposite the north door of the cathedral, and regaled ourselves



ourselves with cheesecakes, tarts, and jellies, and then proceeded to a public-house in the alley, and there drank a glass of Kelly's rich cordial. As we were returning to the inn I apprised my companions of my disaster. Said Nancy, "t'was hard to lose both money and watch," to which I replied, "had my eye been on the watch, as much as it was upon the bishop, I might have preserved it" "You are not the first," cried Mr. Portfolio,—whom the nimble-fingured gentry have *done over*; for the boys of Barrington are ever busy in such a crowd, which is composed by a group of musical men, who, the moment the organ ceases playing, fly out like a flock of wild geese; the sight of which once made Mr. Whitefield say, as he pressed forward, "I must hear the preacher, for it must be a very moving sermon."

On our return to the inn, I found not my watch as I fondly expected. Nancy informed our bouncing landlady of my misfortune, on which she put on a most pensive air, exclaiming—"What all your money, young man!" No, madam, said I—give me change for a guinea, and take your reckoning. This instantly cleared her countenance, and so we all sat down to dinner; after which we finished a bottle of good red port, which made us remember our miseries no more.

Mr. Portfolio now proposed to me a short Sabbath-day's journey in and about the metropolis. To this I readily agreed, but could not prevail on Nancy to accompany us, as she was engaged to meet her aunt that afternoon.

We first launched into Cheapside, directly opposite Bow Church, and beheld the dragon on the summit of that lofty edifice. "This wide street," said my guide, resembles one of the great roads in the country, out of which issue lesser roads and lanes leading to places but dimly seen by the traveller, who has not leisure to pursue the point to which they direct him. Being holiday the wealthy shops are shut. All trade is at a stand, and silence reigns where noise and bustle around the week prevail. The merchants are making merry at their rural pavilions; their shopmen are walking in the Mell, riding around the ring in Hyde-park, or hurling their whiskies along the villages with their doxies. —In every place Toil reclines her head, and application folds her arms, The hammer, as one says, has resigned its sounding task, and the file ceases to repeat its flying touches. Shut is the well frequented shop, and its threshold no longer worn by the feet of its numerous customers. It is like the sabbath of universal nature, and even the toilsome trunk-maker, at the corner of St Paul's, grates not the ear of the passenger by his unglorious acclame."

This half heroic reverie of Portfolio was interrupted, just as we turned round to the left, where the sky-reaching fabric again arose to our view, and where we saw a great concourse of people were assembled just by the tree and fountain of water. On enquiry we found that the great pretended prophet, Brothers, was auguring his elevation to the throne of Israel, and predicting the destruction of no inconsiderable part of this city on a certain day appointed in his dread decree. His wild harangue had no small effect on many of his congregation,



gregation, especially his booksellers who closely surrounded their *great teacher*, whom my guide distinguished from the rest from their solemn look, and distracted visages, one of whom thus vociferated with all the unnatural grimace of a tragic hero in my father's barn in Warwickshire :

“ The Royal 'Change, the Mansion-house, and Newgate,

“ St. Paul's cathedral, and the church of Bow,

“ Westminster Abbey, and Paul's, Covent-Garden,

“ And all to them belonging shall dissolve,—

“ And, like a lump of sugar in a punch-bowl,

“ Leave not a wreck behind !”

So saying, certain officers of justice instantly made their appearance, and bursting through the motely crowd, hurried the mad prophet with his senseless fees, to the place called Bridewell, situate in a fine airy street which leads to the beautiful bridge of Blackfriars, which I now had the pleasure to survey, and from the fine river Thames, that affords trade, health and cleanliness to the inhabitants of London.

From the centre of this bridge we enjoyed a pleasant view of St. Paul's, and my guide proceeded to give me a brief history both of the foundation of the old and new cathedrals, with which I shall not much trouble the reader at present.

He observed, that with whatever amazement we might now behold the present stately building, it was very far surpassed by the ancient structure in point of extent and sublimity. He said, the present

sent stands upon two acres and some perches; the former stood on three acres and a half, one rood and a half and six perches, the length of the first temple was six hundred and sixty feet, the length of the second but five hundred. The height from the level of the ground of old St. Paul's, was five hundred and twenty feet, the perpendicular elevation of the new, but four hundred and forty from the foundation. He added; "but we cannot weep with those old Hebrews who returned from Babylon, and who could contrast the new temple with that of Solomon, which they had formerly seen, for the glory and grandeur of this cathedral far exceeds all that can be said of the ancient gothic structure although more magnificent.

We walked over the water—called at the Romish chapel, in St. George's Fields, when I easily discovered the origin of cathedral chaunting. We proceeded as far as Camberwell, where nothing remarkable occurred, and in the evening, on our return to the city, heard the famous preacher, Mr. Rowland Hill, at his own chapel in the great road leading to the bridge, and so concluded my first day's ramble.

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### CHAPTER III.

*The duffer cheats me—the money droppers defraud me of nine guineas—I arrive at Drury Lane.*

**M**Y companion, the rider, left me on the morning of Monday, after giving me a card of the house where he was employed, and which

is situated in Bow Church-yard. I now set out from the inn for Drury-lane, to find my kinsman, Mr. Measurewell, the woollen draper.

Observing that my dress was rather rustic, I took from my private purse eleven guineas, to be ready for purchasing a new suit, and such other necessities wanting to equip me for the town. On my way, at the end of the Fleet-market, I saw a man with his pockets considerably bulged and a small bundle under his coat, who tipped me the wink, and then whispered in my ear, that he had got six dozen of excellent silk stockings which would well suit me, being of French fabrication and unequalled by any of English manufacture.

I followed the fellow up an alley on the opposite side of the way, when he shewed me a large parcel, which he could sell reasonable, as he said he paid no duty, and though the selling price was eighteen shillings, he would let me have them for thirteen shillings a pair.

I was little acquainted with buying such articles, and therefore thought I was getting a great bargain. I pulled out two guineas, and desired him to give me change for two pairs; but he declaring that he had no silver, put the stockings into my hands, bidding me stop till he went to the next public house to get change. I had no suspicion, and consequently stopped without hesitation. I stood amusing myself with what was passing on Holborn hill for above half an hour, but at last began to think that I was bilked, and was, I must confess, not a little chagrined at being so easily imposed



imposed upon. I ran to the public house, but found not the fellow. I then shewed my purchase to the landlord, who told me, he could buy better, at a lawful fair-dealing shop over the way, for little more than half the money.

"You have been dealing with a duffer"—continued the landlord—"the fellow just looked in, had a glass at the bar, and suddenly disappeared."

"I trust, young man, said a decent looking person who was smoking his pipe in the corner," that this will prove a warning to you in future, and pray, Sir, tell your countrymen on your return, that to avoid such impositions when they come to London, the best way will be to have no conversation with such fraudulent people, and buy nothing from them; for they carry none but the worst of wares, and charge three times the value of them when they meet with a chapman like you—but above all, you may be sure they never have change, and therefore they generally slip away with all the money you trust them with."

Resolving to profit by my dear bought experience I proceeded up Holborn, and was directed to Drury-lane, by the way of Lincoln's-inn-fields, and Great Queen-street. Just as I entered under the arch-way leading into that street, I observed a young fellow very decently dressed, pick up a red pocket-book. He looked at me with much earnestness, exclaiming, I believe I have found a prize!" I stopped, saying, you will discover, perhaps, the owner's name within side, and his place of abode, and by restoring it remove much pain from his mind; if it contains any thing of much value



value he will amply reward you for your trouble. "you was present on the spot when I found it," replied man, "and have a just claim to half of the prize, be it small or great.—Come," continued he, "I observe you are a countryman and are not aware of the ways of mankind in this town. Let us just step into this public house and view the contents of the book. If it contains only papers of business or letters of trade, we may return it; but if it has notes, bills, or money in it—we will not attempt to affront the good Providence that has sent us an apparent prize."

Determined to act with much caution, I followed him into the house, when we were shewn into the parlour. The young man bade me sit down whilst he drew the curtains of the window and door. He now opened the book, and looking over several papers found a draught upon Drummond and Co. for two hundred and sixty-five pounds.—"This—cried my new companion, will be the making of us both. It is as good as hard cash. We can turn it into money in less than twenty minutes. The Banker's office is at Charing-cross, and if you carry it this instant the money is ready. Look here:—Please to pay the bearer the sum of two hundred and sixty-five pounds, and place it to the account of your humble servant, John Smith."

In return, I urged him earnestly to keep the draught till the next morning, to see if it was advertised; on which he flew into a violent passion, and swore that he never before had met with such a fool. He was interrupted by the appearance of  
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a very good looking elderly gentleman, who came in with a news-paper in his hand, sat down at a table on the other side of the room, and called for half a pint of Lisbon. "Here now,"—said my new acquaintance—"this gentleman, a mere stranger to us both, shall judge of the matter—will you acquiesce in his determination, or leave the whole to me? No, hang it, I cannot think of keeping the whole to myself neither.—Here, Sir, but I ask pardon for troubling you,—here is a good *bona fide* draught for a large sum on a very eminent banker, which we have found in this pocket-book, which I picked up a few minutes ago, under the Duke of Newcastle Piazza. This young countryman, being present when I found it, has an undoubted right, you know, Sir, by the custom of London, to a moiety of the contents.—Now, Sir, he is so mightily honest, that he wants to restore it to the owner, by keeping till advertised—What do you say, Sir, about this business?

The gentleman, with much gravity and seeming solemnity said,—I wish I had been present—I know what I should have done. There is not one in five thousand in London who has the generosity to reward an honest man. The other day my boy found a bank note for fifty pounds, and received from the owner, Mr. Tweedle, the great sum of half a crown for his trouble. I myself, the other day saw a lady of quality drop a very valuable gold watch, which I picked up, and ran down St. James's street after her.—Your ladyship, madam, has dropped your watch—the very cordially received it from my hand, made me a fine curtsy, and said—I humbly thank you, Sir—that was all."

"Come,

"Come, come," cried my new companion, in a more mild tone of voice—"see, young man, what money you can muster up, in order to entitle you to the sole property of the draught." I told him that I could advance no more than nine guineas for the present, but that to-morrow I might make up something more. "Hand me the nine pieces," replied the man, and give me your note for—let me see—how much—aye, seventy-three pounds one shilling—but never mind the shilling—and this gentleman shall bear witness to the transaction. I agreed to the proposal, more through the persuasion of the strange gentleman than its according with my own inclination, and received the draught, which I resolved to shew to Mr. Measurewell previous to presenting it for payment.

Having parted from the two gentlemen, I retired to a reclusé corner to recruit my pocket with money, and then pursued my way to Drury-lane. I readily found out the house, but my relation was not at home, having retired, for the present, out of the way till his affairs were a little settled. I was kindly received by his spouse, and son, who asked me to dine with them. I informed them of all my late adventures, especially that recent one; when they assured me that the draught was certainly a forged one, and that both the gentlemen were *money droppers*, and equally deep in the plot to pick my pocket.

- Having mentioned to Mr. John, which was the young woollen-draper's name, the letter which I had from my father to Mr. Measurewell, and which I had lost in St. Paul's the preceding day,

C

Jack



Jack instantly produced it, saying, this morning it was brought by the general post, among other letters directed to our house.

Jack accompanied me to the inn where I first arrived at, and helped me to convey my portman-teau to Drury-lane, where I found a good room for my reception during my stay in London.

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#### CHAPTER IV.

*We set out for the play—take with us two sisters—the sham auction—the prize—my grandmother—the children in the wood—beef a-la-mode—the landlord's entertainment at the Seven Dials.*

HAVING never beheld a theatrical performance, excepting by an itinerant company, I expressed a desire of spending the evening, in the company of Mr. John, at Colman's house in the Haymarket. Mrs. Measurewell not being disposed to join our company, Jack proposed to call at the house of an acquaintance in Covent-garden, in order to invite an old lady and her two daughters to partake of the entertainment. The old gentleman I found was a millener, and employed a number of nymphs in her business beside her daughters, whose names are Eleanor and Frances. At the first sight of the former, I found an emotion arise in my breast, unequalled in my brief calendar of love, since I beheld my divine Maria in my own country.—We found the ladies quite agreeable, and their mother, Mrs. Lurewell, who herself declined



clined giving us her company, had no objection to trust the ladies with Jack Measurewell.

Miss Eleanor laid hold of my arm, and her sister Fanny was Jack's partner. The evening being fine, and the distance but inconsiderable, we did not trouble a coachman who knew Jack, and humbly offered his carriage to his honour. As it was scarcely six o'clock when we crossed the square, which I found was called Leicester-fields, we were in no hurry. In Sidney's alley we were attracted by the voice of a man with a long staff in his hand, exclaiming,—“walk in ladies and gentlemen, to the sale—selling by auction, ladies.”

We walked in, and instantly found ourselves surrounded by a groupe of men and women genteelly dressed, to whom several lots were knocked down by a man in a kind of pulpit. This fellow was an oily orator, who ordered the porter to put up the dozen of fine silver handled knives and forks—Who bids for this excellent lot?—a guinea! I thank you, madam; but they were not made for five. Hand a pair of them to the ladies—look at them, ladies—solid silver—the produce of *De la plata*, ladies—they are fit for the table of an emperor—the king at his coronation, had nothing superior to these knives and forks, my dear folks. Five and twenty, thank you, Sir. They are going for one pound five—disgracefully a going—but they must be knocked down—I cannot dwell—for heaven's sake, ladies and gentlemen, let them not be knocked down at five and twenty—O scandalous—the noble lord who occupied them would deem it *scandalum magnatum*. What do you say? the last time.

Charmed with the sight of such rich table utensils, and chagrined at the backwardness of the bidders, I boldly bounced out, one pound ten—and that instant fell the hammer—the orator exclaiming—my good Sir, you have got a good bargain for once in your life-time. They were wrapped up for me, I paid for them, and so withdrew with my company.

We went into the tavern near the play-house, where I deposited my goods till our return, and after drinking a glass of wine apiece, we arrived at the theatre, and procured a good situation in the pit, which commands a prospect of the boxes around us, and the elevated galleries.

This house, in Mr. Foote's time, as Jack informed us, was called the little theatre, and was but barely licenced by the Lord Chamberlain, till the late Prince Edward, Duke of York, brother of his Majesty, procured a patent to that son of comic humour, Samuel Foote, who rendered himself famous by his matchless mimicry and introduction of living characters. At his death the patent devolved to Mr. Colman, who was a famed dramatic author, having produced many favourite comedies, as the *Jealous Wife*—the *English Merchant*—the *Suicide*—the *Clandestine Marriage* (written in conjunction with the late celebrated Garrick) and other approved pieces. His son, the present manager, continued Jack, has discovered himself to be a chip of the old block, having wrote a variety of comic pieces, the most of them musical entertainments, which are constantly represented during the summer season.

Here

Here Jack was interrupted by the rise of the curtain, and the appearance of the performers, in the musical comedy called the *Prize*, written by Mr. Hoare, the author of *No Song no Supper—Three and the Deuce*, &c.—In this piece, nothing can be more pleasing than the character of Lenitive, the country apothecary, by young Bannister, who discovered infinite humour in the scene where the doctor is absorbed with the false good news of his 2, 5, 3, 8,—being a prize of ten thousand pounds—but it is not the business of this book to enter into the *minutia* of plays, or to depict the beauties of performers. Young Bannister played Vapour, a very strange character indeed, in *My Grandmother*, and often set the whole house in a roar. He also performed a part in the last produced piece for the evening, the *Children in the Wood*, in which he gave likewise much satisfaction to the auditory.

After the play we adjourned to a house famous for *beef a-la-mode*, the master of which calls himself *the father of all*. There we were introduced into a snug place, up a few steps from the common room, as it is emphatically called, we enjoyed a repast neither unpleasant nor inelegant. The beef was highly seasoned, the fallads were fine, and the expence was but trivial.

I discovered the master to be pretty communicative, and therefore took the liberty to shew him my *solid silver* handled knives and forks, which I had called for at the tavern as we came out of the theatre. The landlord looked—stared at me half a minute, and then burst out into a loud laugh, which electrically caught my companions; so



that I found myself the object of their united merriment.

“ Ah, my good countryman, cried the cook, you have been duped, done over, and most d—ly taken in, by these sharpers; than whom a set of greater cheats infest not this metropolis. These knives and forks, my tight lad, are not worth seven shillings, and all the silver upon them will not weigh three quarters of an ounce.—I am amazed that Mr. Measurewell, my good customer, did not apprise you of the tricks of these harpies. You should go to the Haymarket, when Foote's Minor is performed, to see Mr. Smirk, the auctioneer, successor to Mr. Prig, the greatest man the world ever saw in his way. He could touch you up a lot. There was no resisting him. He would force you to bid whether you would or no. Hold up that picture—a little higher—higher yet—there's a position to look at a picture—a going for five and forty, for forty-five a going.—Ladies and gentlemen, I am quite ashamed—I blush at your indolence in bidding!—a piece so highly finished, and so well preserved—a Guido!—'Tis quite flesh and blood, I protest. It only wants a touch from the torch of Prometheus to start from the canvass and fall a bidding!—He knocked it down, in five minutes at sixty-three, ten, and a general plaudis ensued.

I once heard one of these sons of elocution, continued our culinary friend, selling a horse at a public auction. The lot a long while stuck at five and forty shillings: when the auctioneer, discovering some warmth, and elevating his voice, thus exclaimed:



exclaimed : Gentlemen, what the —— are you all at, to be thus so unconcerned about so noble an animal ? What would one of our ancient kings have given for such a horse ? To him such a one would have been of infinite value indeed—when in the utmost extremity he ran through the ranks of his brave soldiers, loudly exclaiming—a horse !—a horse !—*my kingdom for a horse !*—The orator knocked down the animal, in a few minutes, at three pounds ten shillings.”

The pleasantry of our landlord induced us to continue whilst we drank a bottle of his best white port. I need not inform the reader, that the whole was at my own expence ; which with the play-house price, the cash obtained by the sharpers, and what I laid out on a piece of superfine broadcloth at Measurewell’s, previous to our evening adventures, made no inconsiderable diminution in the stock which I brought from the country. However, I closed the second days ramble with this reflection—that with other things, which I had hardly purchased, I had also bought experience and understanding.

We parted from the girls at the door of the old lady, their mother, promising to renew our visit the next or the following day, to take them to the celebrated fair of St. Bartholomew. Eleanor appeared to me the most amiable of the two sisters, and far surpassing all the ladies of London whom I had yet beheld ; but the idea of my charming Maria hung upon my heart, and hovered ever around my imagination, or in my mid-day rambles round the metropolis, or amidst the solitary hours of midnight.

My

My fair one ever to my fancy seems,  
 About my noon-day walks, or midnight dreams;  
 Ye balmy zephyrs, O propitious prove,  
 On od'rous wings to waft me to my love!

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## CHAPTER V.

*Mrs. Measurewell's sudden illness—the quack doctor—his character—other adventures.*

POOR Mrs. Measurewell was suddenly seized the next morning, my third day, with a violent fit of the collick and nothing of the cordial kind could alleviate her distress till the arrival of Dr. R——, a noted emperic, not far from Covent-garden, and he administered almost instant relief by a dose of Jallop. Fancy operates much on the human mind especially the female sex, when under the hands of a quack doctor. The taylor, Mr. Stich, who came to measure me for my new suit, came in just as the doctor had performed his miracle on Mrs. Measurewell, and was drinking a glass with her in the kitchen. I discovered him to be a person of a ready turn, great volubility of tongue, and not destitute of good sense. After a pertinent apology, he thus proceeded to entertain me with the character of the doctor, which I hope the reader will not think unaptly introduced in this place, as it will considerably help to expose the frauds of London.

“David R——, M. D. lives not many miles from the church of St. Paul, Covent-garden. This modern

modern alchymist, whose extreme vanity, ignorance and impudence, are grown quite proverbial over the town, imagines himself to be the monarch of the mineral and vegetable kingdoms, and looks down from his supposed sole dominion, upon all his subjects within the circle of the *materia medica*. Uncounted are the candidates for fame, who humbly crouched to this mock medicine-monger, bow down to his exalted throne, and are dupes to his duplicity. No courtier at St. James's ever more enjoyed the luxury of lying, than this quack in the corner. No prime minister ever paid less regard to his promises, than this emperic.

“Often, indeed, his professions of good will fly round his admirers, but some envious wind or other always blows them retrograde, before they can reach their apparent direction. Then it is that his low arts, and little devices are called forth, to divert his duped devotees from detecting his mean and mercenary subterfuges, as to their real designs, and the discovery is seldom brought about—till they are ashamed of, and even surprised at their own credulity,

“Innumerable are the instances of this fellow's frauds. On the application of a young man to this doctor for a cure of a disease, he assures him that he has been ruined. He takes care to aggravate the disorder, until he brings his patient to death's door, and then fleeces him of all the money he can raise amongst his friends, before he means to effect a restoration. He kept a youth of my acquaintance above half a year in torment the most excruciating; robbed him of fifty pounds, and, when



when no more could be advanced, removed his complaint in less than a week ; a complaint which was only rendered lamentable by the arts of the doctor.

“ Mr. Foote, our late memorable mimic, took both him and me off at his theatre, in the Devil upon Two Sticks ; in which Dr. R—— is thus represented, as discoursing with certain of his brother emperics : A doctor should always in public appear grave. The levity of laughter should never seem to pervade his countenance ; but I own that some times it is impossible to avoid a smile. The other evening I attended a funeral to Mary-le-bone church, as one of the mourners. Who should I see, just as the procession moved along the middle aisle, but my taylor, with a pair of breeches over his arm. He gave me a nod, which I very gravely returned ; but, said he, doctor, I perceive you are carrying your *work home*, as well as myself.

“ This fellow changes like *Proteus*, and has as many forms to assume as there are in the *Metamorphosis* of *Ovid*. He faithfully and voluntarily promised to be the making of a young man, by taking him into partnership, whom he totally ruined within three little months, after he had raised all the money that he and his friends could in the world. He repeated the same promises to a second whom he also outwitted ; to a third—whom he served the same ; to a fourth—whom he found means to charge with a robbery ; and who, had it not been for the interference of good friends, who made his integrity appear bright as the sun at noon day.



day, would certainly have fallen a sacrifice to the infernal machinations of this villain.

“As in private the promises of our quack are like dicer’s oaths, as Shakespear says, so in public they often have been pledged, to go no further. His domestic engagements are like cobwebs. The wife of his bed is not the wife of his bosom. To that amiable woman he acts like an eastern despot, without the mixture of affection, which often softens the most savage breast. England has been, by some, pronounced the paradise of women—but the house of our hero is a hell—at least a purgatory to his spouse. Some suppose him to be a saint abroad—but find him to be a demon in his own dwelling.—In a word, our chymical Quixote, with all his whim, cunning and cruelty, would be deemed a less dangerous, and more despicable being, if he acted in a sphere less elevated; but he keeps his carriage, dresses like a privy counsellor—struts his hour in a coffee-house, looks big upon ’Change, keeps his villa and mistress, appears the first in the circle of pleasure, and is perpetually making such promises as his contracted conscience never prompts him to perform.”

Thus far proceeded Mr. Stitch during the time he was measuring me for my clothes. I could not think of making any more excursions through the town in company, till I was better equipped, and therefore proposed to take a walk with Jack, in order, on the skirts of the town, to survey the famous city, count her towers, and mark well her stately palaces and superb mansions.

If in any part of this narrative the reader should  
be

be surprised at my appearing so familiar with the names of the streets and so forth, I would inform him, that from the mouths of my different guides, I minuted down every thing, and in the evening each day, digested the several incidents which occurred in the various parts into the form in which they now appear.

We past through *Little Dublin*, in St. Giles's, one of the dirtiest places which I had ever beheld, and reviewed, apparently unheeded, a number of ill-looking idle young fellows at the doors of the low houses of ill fame in that quarter, in company with the most abandoned lewd women; whose language and actions made me shudder, and raised a resolve in my mind ever to keep clear of such nefarious wretches. These keep within their bounds by day; at night they sally forth into the adjoining streets, and woe be to that young man drawn in by their delusions. It is, as Solomon says, the ox going to the slaughter, or a bird to the fowler.—Horrible disease, infamy, robbery, and perhaps, as is not unfrequent, murder itself prove the consequence.

Leaving these scenes of wickedness, we proceeded up Tottenham-court Road, and turned off towards the Foundling Hospital. In our way, Jack pointed out the house of the late Lord Baltimore, and the windows of the room where Miss Woodcock was several days confined by his lordship, for a purpose the most base and unmanly that can be mentioned in the fable catalogue of crimes. After every effort of his infamous skill, assisted by an old abandoned bawd, and her doctor;  
the

the lecherous *ig-nobleman* found himself under the necessity of conveying the captive nymph to his country seat, in Surry: there he accomplished his libidinous design.

Jack was interrupted in his tale by a little incident which occurred, and attracted all our attentions. We were leaning over the railing of the Long-fields fronting that elegant mansion, when we perceived two men approaching the end of Southampton Row. I instantly recognized them to be those who defrauded me on Monday, in Great Queen-street, and turning my face towards the fields, gave Jack the hint, and desired him to watch their manœuvres. Accordingly he parted from me, and went up to the corner, as if to view the spacious building, the town seat of the Duke of Bedford.

One of the men, the elderly cheat, stepped aside, while the young fellow dropped a piece of paper, in which something appeared enrolled.—A young woman, with a blooming countenance, dressed in a green gown and new scarlet cloak, that instant came up, and seeing the man stoop to take up the paper, appeared quite anxious to behold the contents. The fellow behaved with much seeming civility, saying, “certainly, madam, as you were on the spot when I picked it up, you have a right to half its value. Just let us walk to that wall, and I will open the paper in your presence. We cannot be too private, my dear, and all eyes are eagerly open on such occasions.”

This was said in the hearing of my friend, who  
D hid



hid himself, to see or hear the transaction behind the corner. The young woman following the sharper to the wall, he opened the paper, in which she saw a ring inclosed. The girl smiled, and declared he was a very honest man to be sure, because *as how* he could keep it all to himself. On my say-so, cried the fellow, it is a fine ring—this at least is worth a guinea—but here is some writing—will you read it, madam?—for God help me, I cannot read writing—but I can go through the bible pretty well. The girl blushed, which was a tacit confession of her ignorance. On this the fellow beckoned to the other man, his confederate, who readily advanced, and by their mutual request read as follows:

“DEAR SALLY,

“I am glad to hear that  
 “Tom and you are come to an agreement at last;  
 “he is a very honest fellow, and you will be quite  
 “happy with him—I send you the ring; it is the  
 “best I could get, and cost five and thirty shillings. The man of whom I bought it, told me  
 “that he would give a guinea for the gold of it,  
 “if it was broke. The stamp is upon it, so you  
 “may be assured it is all pure gold. No more at  
 “present from your affectionate cousin,

“ELIZABETH MARKHAM.”

“N. B. Mr. James Yardly will deliver this into your own hands.”

The poor girl's honesty seems here to have fallen asleep; but, in all probability she found plausible reasons, as most people do, for the gratification of the



the moment's passion.—However, after a short altercation, she pulled off her cloak, which she valued at twelve shillings, and made up his farther demand by producing a few shillings, all the money, she said, that she had left in her pocket.

Just at this critical moment Jack made his appearance, and I ran up to the men, and with a stout oak cudgel, knocked down the younger ring-dropper, whilst my friend seized the other instantly by the collar.

Young woman, exclaimed I, you have certainly been cheated by these abandoned villains; for but last Monday, they not only defrauded me of nine guineas, but also made me hazard my neck, by receiving a counterfeit draught on a banker.—Come, come, cried I to the young fellow, unable at present to run away, return the young woman her cloak and money, for the ring, I dare say, is not worth two-pence.

D—me, exclaimed Jack, holding fast his fellow, if they shall stir a peg before they have restored your money. On which the man made a sudden effort to escape, but I laid him flat with his fellow in the fraud, and so quickly gathered a considerable company around us.

The young woman now presented the ring, by the desire of a gentleman among the bye-standers, who, without hesitation, pronounced it to be a rank counterfeit, and of no value. The mob now were proposing to duck the two droppers in an adjoining pond in the Long-fields, but Jack swore he would prosecute them with the utmost rigour of

the law. I now repeated my story, and the fellows, on hearing a constable mentioned, offered to satisfy the young woman, by returning her cloak and money, which they did; and then mustered up five pieces, which they put into my hands as hush-money. This I readily accepted, as not then knowing the consequence of compounding a fraud or a felony. But, however, in spite of my acquiescence and their humble concession, the enraged rabble hurried them away over the first field, and were pleased to anabaptize the rascals in a standing pool; suffered them to depart when the majority of the mob grew weary of what they called the diversion of the *watery ordeal*.

## CHAPTER VI.

*Third day's ramble continued—the conjuror.*

PROCEEDING round the borders of the town on the north, we reached the rustic dwelling of an astrologer, to whom I expressed a desire, to pay a visit, merely to satisfy a curiosity, natural to young people from the country. I knew that conjurors and pretended augurs were only a species of impostors, who live by the credulity of the ignorant and unthinking part of mankind.

On knocking at his door, we were admitted by a mean meagre looking man, who much resembled the apothecary in Shakespear's *Romeo and Juliet*. Informing him that we wanted to propose a few questions

questions to his master, of an astrological nature, he ushered us into the hall, as he was pleased to call a dirty dark apartment, intimating that the augur would attend us as soon as he had calculated the nativity of lady Frances Fantom, of St. James's square, whose coach waited at the door.

We had not continued many minutes in this miserable room, when the bell rang, and the servant of the seer beckoned me to follow him up to an apartment appropriated for prediction. Jack Measurewell attempted to follow us, but was prevented by the call of the conjuror above, who vociferated with a hollow voice—*one at a time—hoc est corpus meum.*

I followed my conductor up three pair of stairs, where, in an apartment, ornamented with a most preposterous assemblage of worm-eaten globes, and other mathematical instruments, I beheld an old fellow sitting in all the importance of self-important ignorance, in the remains of a velvet stuff arm chair, before a table, on which stood a pair of compasses, a large book, a wand, and a dirty pack of cards.

I assumed an air of simplicity, and informed the conjuror, that I wanted to pry into the womb of time, through the medium of his mystic art, and know my future fate by his calculation. I went up close to the table, but he soon checked my presumption, by drawing a circle in the centre of the room, and commanded me to confine myself to that space during his operation.



## A FORTNIGHT'S RAMBLE

Demanding half a crown, I threw one of the five pieces on the table, which the money-dropper had recently given me in return of the nine.— Without much inspection he put it into a little bag, which he took from his drawer, seven half crowns, and coming to the circle put them into my hand. I said, the change is not right, and that it is but an ill omen of his calculation. Making no reply, he proceeded to repeat a number of hard words, which I am sure can be found in no lexicon of any language in London.

After his barbarous incantation, he asked me several questions. He then examined the lineaments of my countenance, with seemingly great attention. Next he questioned me concerning my moles, dreams, &c, and at length, having enquired the day of the month on which I was born, he asked me if I could read; to which, assuming an air of sorrow, I replied, that to my infinite grief, I could neither read nor write.

The astrologer now opened his great folio, and read some cabalistic sentences in a very serious tone; when, turning round to me, he thus began to prophesy: "Young fellow, you are the favourite of fortune. The stars at thy birth were benign and auspicious. You will soon see your sweetheart and be made happy in her charms. She will bear thee seven boys and six girls. Thy seventh son will prove a prophet, and your eldest daughter will be a lady. You will have a second bride, and she also will be as a fruitful vine; both of you will attain the good old age of ninety nine. So, say the stars and constellations of heaven!"

Here



Here the conjuror was instantly interrupted by the appearance of two stout men, one having an hanger, and the other holding a staff, much more potent than the wand of prediction. They, suddenly seizing the augur, cried, Sir, you are our prisoner! We have a warrant to take you before a magistrate this moment.

To shorten the story of this adventure, I quitted the circle, ran down stairs, and beckoning my companion, whom I found in the hall, to attend me, made my best way into the street, and without waiting above a minute, followed the conjuror and his conductors, who were constables, to the public office in Worship-street.

After a moderate refreshment at the tavern next door, the landlord very politely ushered us into the office, just in time to hear the charge and decision. An elderly lady appeared and swore, that the conjuror had received five shillings from her the preceeding day, for astrologically answering certain questions about some plate lately lost in her house Honover-square. It appeared that this stargazer, after sifting the lady, and getting what information he could by every artifice, positively fixed upon the chamber-maid, and her sweet-heart, as the perpetrators of the felony. This had caused the young woman and her intended to be both taken before a magistrate, and the consequence to them would have proved serious, had not the real thief, the same evening been discovered; having been detected by a pawnbroker, in Long-acre, in offering the booty for sale at his shop. This induced the lady to obtain the warrant for apprehending

hending the conjuror, in order to bring him to justice.

The result was, the fellow was committed as a vagrant, without bail or mainprize, agreeable to the statute, with a power only to appeal at the quarter sessions, to the court composed of the Middlesex magistrates.

When the clerk had made up the commitment and delivered it to the bench to be signed and sealed, the presiding magistrate jocosely asked the prisoner, if he, by all his art and cunning, could tell to what place he was going to send him. The fellow replied—to New-prison, Clerkenwell, to be sure. "This alone is sufficient," returned the justice, "to prove that you are no conjurer—for you are committed to Bridewell. If such people as you know so little of their own destiny, how can they pretend to foretell the fortunes of others. You could not calculate the day nor the hour of your being apprehended, so you see we know things better than you do, or any of your fraudulent fraternity."

After hearing a variety of cases judiciously investigated, we returned to our good-natured landlord, drank a bottle of his excellent red port, and so returned home, without meeting any more adventures worthy of being recorded.

The next day Mr. Stitch, the taylor, having very quickly dispatched his job, brought home my new suit. His bill was almost as high as if he had found the cloth, at least in my estimation—but that  
I but

I but little regarded, as I had received, in part of payment, five pieces from the money-dropper the day before, one of which the conjuror had changed; I therefore cast down the other four to Mr. Stitch, who, putting on his spectacles and inspecting them, swore by Jupiter, that they were all as arrant rogues as doctor R.

This discovery, and the extortion of the taylor, together with what I began to see in the character of young Measurewell, whom I considered as a sponger, so much chagrined my mind, that I resolved to leave Drury-lane, and seek a lodging where I could be free from fraud, and enabled to pursue my plan with more oeconomy, especially as I found my cash in a very rapid run of diminution.

I contented myself that day at home, not looking for new adventures; and again went to the Hay-market theatre, without the company of Jack or even the ladies of Mrs. Lurewell.

At the end of Cockspur-street, I met an elderly man clad in sables, of a clerical deportment, with a bundle of books under his arm.—Are these books to sell, my friend, quoth I? He answering in the affirmative, I ordered him to open his budget. He produced several novels, which he assured me was of his own writing, and which, without farther recommendation, I purchased. He next opened a bundle of plays, not one of them printed or published by the authors, but privately presented to the curious in dramatical pieces, and not even sold by many of the booksellers. I then looked  
OVER



over a list of thirty-six, all which I bought for eighteen shillings. I was much pleased with the purchase, as amongst them were those which were that evening to be performed; that is to say—the *Surrender of Calais*, and the *Farmer*; the first is the production of Mr. Colman, taken from the history of that great conqueror, Edward the Third, the latter calls O'Keefe its author, whose prolific pen produced one half of the plays which I now possessed.

Observing something in the demeanor of the man which pleased me, I asked him where I could see him another time; to give him an order for a variety of other books, which I intended to carry into the country. He told me that he was generally to be met with at the Castle in Holborn, where there was as good accommodation as ever was found in any of the ancient castles in England during the happy reign of hospitality. I then went into the theatre, and was highly entertained during the evening.

The first day of my peregrination commenced with a visit which I paid at lady Lurewell's school in Tavistock-street. This was partly to fulfil my engagement with the ladies, but perhaps, more to shew my new garb, in which I now strutted like a hero on the stage. I found myself under the necessity of inviting Mr. Jack once more to attend me, by virtue of my promise. The moment I mentioned the fair, the ladies were in rapture, and broke forth into singing, "*Bartholemew fair O,*" and so forth; nor ceased they their tuneful melody till we arrived at the grand scene of action.

Having



Having discharged our coach—for nothing less than such a vehicle would serve Jack—we took a turn round the stalls on the extremity of the fair, and bought seed cakes and gingerbread. These we had hardly touched, when a mighty multitude of *mobility*, with a horrible acclaim, announced the immediate approach of the great Prætor of the city, riding in his golden most magnificent car, attended by his chaplain, sword-bearer, and others.

He look'd and saw dread *chaos* and *Old Night*,  
Resume their reign—and gloried in the fight.

His Lordship with his train passed on to the end of cloth-fair, and caused an herald to proclaim the commencement of the general jubilee. This ancient solemn ceremony ended, we entered the area of the field where once *Wat Tyler*, of patriotic memory, drew up his legions, to dispute the rights of man, with the royal son of Edward the black Pince. Here it was where Wat sunk beneath the stab of Walworth, then Lord Mayor, whose bloody dagger now adorns the city arms. Here also is the spot which was deeply stained by the blood of martyrs, at the furious fiat of merciless Mary and her sanguinary sycophants—and here it is where the damsels of Billingsgate now open their oysters, and the virgins of Fleet-market, fry sausages;—here the tables are spread with these delicious meats—here we were invited to walk into the long parlour.

The conviviality and pleasantry that now prevailed for a few minutes in this quarter of the fair, induced us to sit down and partake of the proffered repast :

repast: But, alas! how transient are all sublunary joys! We had not half regaled ourselves with these London dainties—when, behold, from the athletic, brawny arms of blackguards, were projected on our board, the mangled remains of dogs, and cats—like quails around the camp of Israel, or winged arrows in the day of battle. Now ruful riot and dreadful uproar prevailed amid the motly multitude. The mob, thick as a field of corn, as waving to the gales, supplies the culinary maidens with fresh ingredients for the frying-pan.

The second course we relished not so well as the first. We instantly arose, and reached with no small difficulty an hospitable booth, in which was a tea-kettle, so capacious, that we all sat with ease around a little table and drank tea. From this situation, through an aperture, we beheld the sons of Barrington busily employing their hooks and nimble fingers, diving deep into the pockets of the unwary spectators of the glorious scenes now exhibiting in every quarter.—the watches, neck-cloths, cloaks, aprons, and pictures of his Majesty, forsake their rightful owners, and with speed, the most impetuous, fly to Field-lane.

We next saw the monstrous ox, in another booth, said to be the largest ever bred in Britain. The giant, whose stature is eight feet, next surprised us. I could not help bewailing the unhappiness of such a man, who appears to be formed only for a vain show; for he can never mingle in society, without being gazed at as one of the wonders of the world.

Next

Next we visited the puppet-show, and saw the tricks of Master Punch, and heard the squeaking of his pragmatistical prompter. The ladies were delighted with the levity of the entertainment, and young Measurewell enjoyed the merriment. To me, however, such unnatural shews afford but little pleasure, as they have nothing rational or instructive in them. After pursuing the whole round of the booths, visited several inns, and having drank several bottles, we withdrew from those scenes of dissipation and confusion, and procuring a coach, drove to the Castle in Holborn, where we partook of an excellent dinner, and then proceeded to the theatre, and saw represented the *Battle of Hexham*, *Peeping Tom*, of Coventry, and the *Devil to Pay*.—Again the whole cost of the day fell upon me, and that amounted to above three guineas.

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## CHAPTER VII.

*The castle—theatre—Miss Lurewell—our adventure—the discovery—a lecture on frequent frauds, &c.*

ON Friday I again dined at the Castle in Holborn, in company with several sensible and civil people, from whose polite conversation and judicious remarks, in the discussion of various topics, political, moral, and scientific, I was most rationally entertained. The company consisted of an elderly clergyman, a doctor of medicine, an attorney, a bookseller, and a player; the latter of whom, by his humour, proved the life of the

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whole



whole company, while, by his well-timed jokes, he set the table in a roar.

When dinner was served, considering these gentlemen to be a select party, I craved permission to make one amongst them. They told me it was an *ordinary* dinner, and that I certainly was welcome. Misconstruing the term, as thinking they meant an indifferent one, I sat down with some surprise, for the meat was most excellent, and varied in great profusion, dressed in the very best manner, and served about with such a grace, such hospitality and good humour, as gave me an *extraordinary* idea of the landlord.

During the dinner the utmost harmony and hilarity prevailed, and the landlord, who presided at the table, pressed all his guests consecutively to accept of more victuals,—In fine, the repast was perfectly agreeable, the liquors good, and every man, after dinner, called for what he pleased.

Having enquired of the owner of the house if I could lodge with him during my stay in London, he told me that he had a very decent, safe, and commodious room at my service. I accordingly removed my things the same day from Drury-lane, and took a temporary possession of as pleasant a place as I could possibly desire.

Being fond of the theatre, I thither repaired that evening, and again was agreeably entertained. On my return to Holborn, being alone, I was accosted, at the corner of King-street, Covent-garden, by an amiable young lady, highly dressed.  
and



and having a veil over her comely countenance, "My dear Sir," said the fair one, "I have lost my way in the dark, and want somebody to shew me the road to my apartment," Madam, said I, your application to a stranger in this town is rather unfortunate; I shall hardly be able to find the way to my own lodgings, which is at the Castle in Holborn. She then informed me, that she lived not far from that place, and should have no objection to walk that way with me.

Taking the lady to be a modest woman, I called a coach, for it began to rain, and during our passage had no cause to alter my opinion of her character.

On our arriving at Holborn, the lady refused to accompany me into the Castle; on which I offered to treat her with a glass at an adjacent tavern. After much solicitation she agreed to my proposal. We had no sooner entered the room than the fair-one suddenly started with surprise, and was turning to retire, when I lifted up her veil, and instantly discovered her to be Miss Lurewell, of Tavistock-street, and my own late companion in peregrination.

I would not now suffer her to withdraw, till she had tasted a cup of something, when, to my surprise, she burst out into a fit of laughter, and declared that she had watched me all the way from the playhouse; wondering that I had not before recognized her voice, shape, and demeanour, even in the dark.

Though I entertained my doubts of her declaration,  
E 2 tion,

tion, and began to think she was one of the frail fair-ones whom I had observed in the streets, yet I assumed an air of ignorance, and treated her with the same civility as if I had still considered her as innocent. We drank freely a full hour, when I apologized for my being unable to stay longer from my new lodging, it being a late hour—she offered (now she had altered her mind) to attend me thither—I agreed; when, behold, on our entering the house, the landlord well knew the lady, and would not suffer her to sit down.

Before I recovered from my dread amazement, Miss Lurewell was fled, and I began to express my disapprobation of my landlord's conduct; when shutting the door of the little room, where we remained alone, he thus addressed me:

“Young man, I can make the greatest allowances for your inexperience in the ways of the world. The woman whom you wanted to keep company with, is an arrant *jilt*, and might quickly meditate your ruin. Her mother keeps a house near the garden, and all her daughters, as well as this lady, are well known by the bloods and bucks about the theatres. It is not long since this identical young strumpet swore a robbery against a young nobleman, whom she picked up in one of the boxes of the playhouse, and declaring that he had picked her pocket in the coach, in their way to an appointed place—he was actually committed on her charge; and a bill of indictment being found, was tried at the Old Bailey: but, on account of some prevarication in the evidence of the witnesses, and the fairness of the nobleman's character,

rafter, he was honorably acquitted, to the satisfaction of the Judge, and amid the applause of a crowded court. Think, therefore, yourself well off in escaping her snare, and firmly resolve in future to avoid entirely, without distinction, the company of strange women."

I told the landlord that I had seen the lady before, and with Mr. John Measurewell, had passed several hours in her company and that of her sister, without discovering the least sign of immodesty in either. "It is very well for you, my lad, replied Mr. ———, that your pocket has escaped during your stay with them." I immediately felt my pocket, and found that all the loose gold, and the four counterfeit pieces, actually had made to themselves wings and flown away, like the eagle towards Heaven!

After a dismal night of dreams and dreary wakeful apprehensions, I arose on the Saturday morning and breakfasted with the landlord and his family. At one time I thought of calling on Jack Measurewell, to apprize him of the transaction, but considering him as a scoundrel, as being connected with such a family, and in the habit of intimacy with such nefarious harlots, I resolved to flee his company as one would a place of infection.

The good landlady at the Castle, observing me rather thoughtful, said, "young man, I suppose you are not fond of tea; country people, perhaps, are not use to it like we Londoners." I replied, I would rather have a basin of good milk, madam. "O Sir," said she, "the milk here is not like that in your country; but you shall have some:



the milk-woman is just come to the door."—I nodded assent, and a basin of that wholesome liquid, when pure and unadulterated, was instantly presented.

But, O what a difference did I taste, between the new milk of Stratford-upon-Avon, and the *whitened water* of the great city! I protest the poorest skimmed milk I ever drank in my mother's dairy, was far superior to this cockney beverage. Indeed, the milk in the country participates not of the beautiful *blue* peculiar to this—Behold the lovely violets that play around the bowl! I now used the freedom to ask my good-natured landlady the price of this precious mixture, when she informed me, that of late it had risen very rapidly, and was now arrived at the price of porter. "It is dearer than strong beer," said Mr. ———, for the measure is much less. The other day" continued he, "walking up to Holywell Mount, I ordered a milk-carrier to take a pint into a public house along with me. She did so, and charged me two-pence. Why should you overcharge a stranger? said I.—She answered, my good Sir, this milk is just as it came from the cow—take your money, said I—besides, Sir, it has not yet had even the baptism of *John*!—Then retorted I, it shall have the baptism of *Samuel*, and so desired the landlord to put half a quartern of rum into the basin."

"Far be it from my business"—said a gentleman who sat by the fire reading the Oracle, to expose the nakedness of my country; but, I truly believe, that few cities in the world can produce so much fraud and mean cozenage as this metropolis. I  
thank



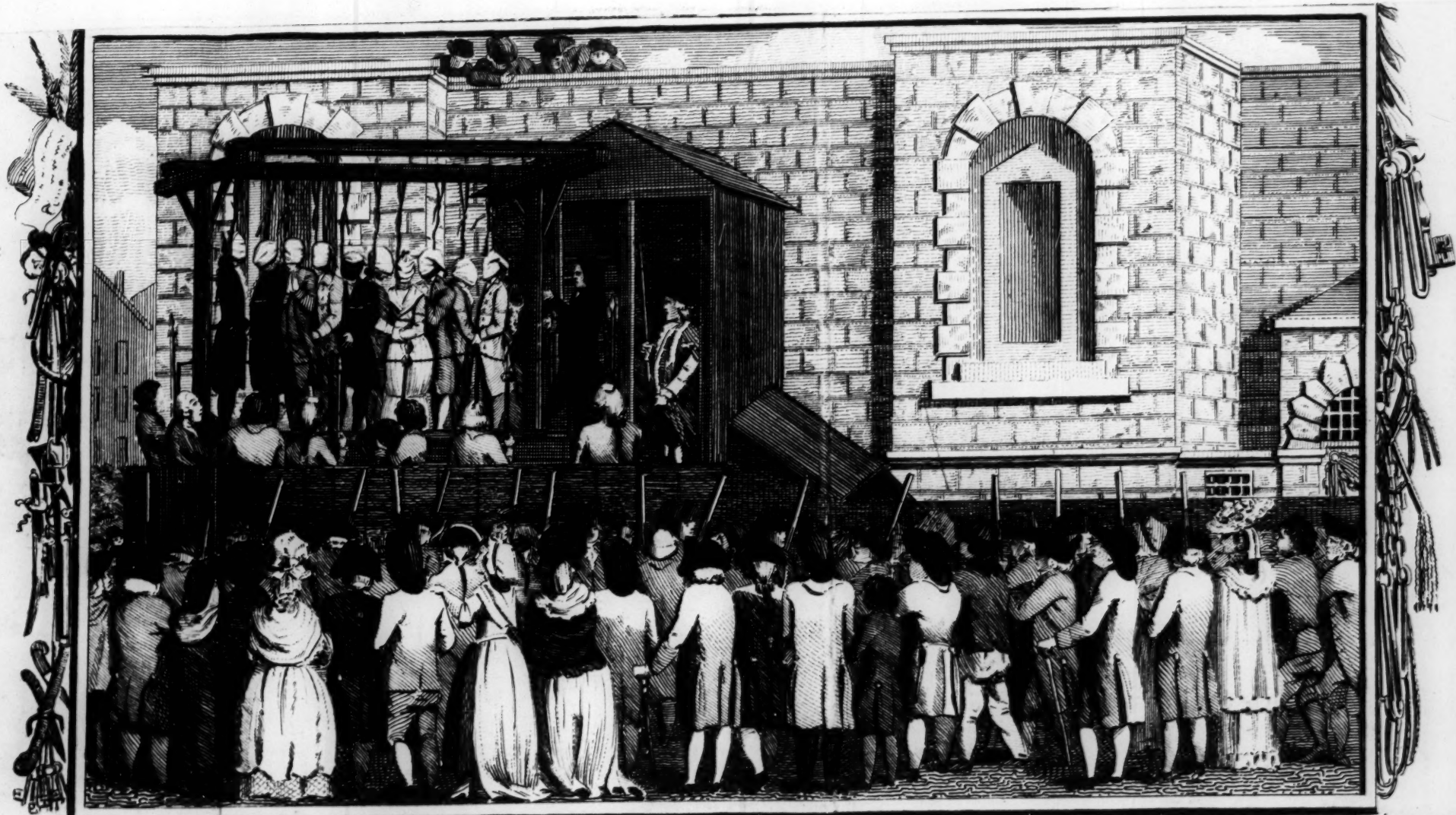
thank Heaven, we can boast of many charities, which happily cover a multitude of sins, and were our benevolence cast into the scale against that of oppression, the latter would ascend and kick the beam; but it is lamentable to see the low tricks of many—very many—of our shopkeepers, on the retail of their wares, in cheating the poor.—The grocer wraps round even a quarter of a pound of sugar a large piece of thick paper.—Many cheese-mongers weigh their articles of goods on paper.—I knew a fellow who kept a beef and ham shop, by the Fleet-market—I hope he is now in no *worse* a place than heaven—who actually would lay a half sheet of thick law writing paper on the scale, for a single quarter of a pound of ham.—I once told a stationer on Snow-hill, a good worthy friend of mine, that I could point out on excellent market for his waste paper. My friend took the hint, offered him several bundles of spoiled books, the productions of poor Grub-street authors, and had three-pence per pound. This the fellow could well afford; for he retailed it with his hams at eighteen pence, which, if not a production of twenty, or sixty, or and hundred fold, was a net profit of five hundred per cent."

The sermon of the politician attracted the notice of the whole family, which encouraged him to proceed to other branches of his discourse, which were too numerous to be detailed in a volume in which brevity must be observed. He dwelt long and loudly upon false weights and false measures; each of which is *an abomination to the Lord*. Indeed one would almost be tempted to think, that the *precepts* of *Moses*, as well as the wise *apothegms* of *Solomon*, were now totally disregarded

garded by professed Christians, as favouring too much of Judaism. But, in order to discover such frauds, let every house-keeper, as a necessary piece of kitchen furniture, furnish himself with weights and scales, if not measures also, and weigh all the bread, butter, cheese, meat, and so forth, that he buys. Then, and not till then, shall we know the honest upright fair dealer, from the cheating, griping nefarious *bite*: who, regardless of the dictates of conscience, the precepts of morality, and the injunctions of religion, grinds the faces of the poor, and oppresses those who are ready to perish with hunger.

The gentleman made also some very pertinent remarks on the rapid rise of ale, under the pretext that it was brewed at Windsor, the Kings country residence. The enormous rise of spirituous liquors also met his animadversion; but these he attributed to the encrease of news-papers and the danger of suffering the poor to rejoice during these happy halcyon days. In order to introduce an agreeable uniformity in the prices of all things—the porter next must advance, and then farthings will not be so much counterfeited by the coiners, or bought up at one half of the nominal value, by publicans, and all other sinners, who hasten to be rich.

The orator was interrupted in his harangue, by an alarm being given of the quick approach of the officers of Bow-street, to the shops of certain bakers. This induced us all to run out to behold the hurly burly. The mob was numerous and riotous before the houses of the accused, whilst whole batches of bread were siezing; and without relenting, smashed the windows to pieces, regardless



*An Exact Representation of the Manner of EXECUTING CRIMINALS, on the NEW SCAFFOLD and*  
*GALLOWS, opposite the New Goal of NEWGATE, in the OLD BAILLY—ten Malefactors hanging thereon.*

*Granger sculp.*



less of the menaces of the constables. The bread, in large baskets, was carried to the Public Office, and there, when weighed in the ballance of the sanctuary of Westminster, found much wanting.—It short, one baker was fined to the amount of forty-five pounds, for deficiency of weight in his bread, at the rate of five shillings per ounce, another was fined above thirty pounds, for a proportionate deficiency. I have forgot the amount of the fine of the third, but remember that one of his loaves, a quartern one, wanted no less than seven ounces of the assize standard.

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## CHAPTER VIII.

*Sunday the eighth day.—Newgate—condemned sermon—description of the gaol—widow of Newington-green—the powdered fops of the Minorities—discovery.*

**D**URING the first week of my sojourning in London, I find I have laid out and lost, exactly half the hundred guineas, which my worthy father enjoined me to leave in the hands of Mr. Measurewell—beside the ten which he put into my hand for immediate use. The sages will say—"A fool, and his money is soon parted." Let such remember, that it is much harder to keep money, than to obtain it. Let others take warning by my misconduct, in paying so dear for experience, and purchase knowledge at an easier rate. It was for this purpose, that this narrative makes its appearance in the world, and I humbly trust it will claim the attention of all who think themselves not infallible, and prove a beacon to those who may embark on a sea of trouble.



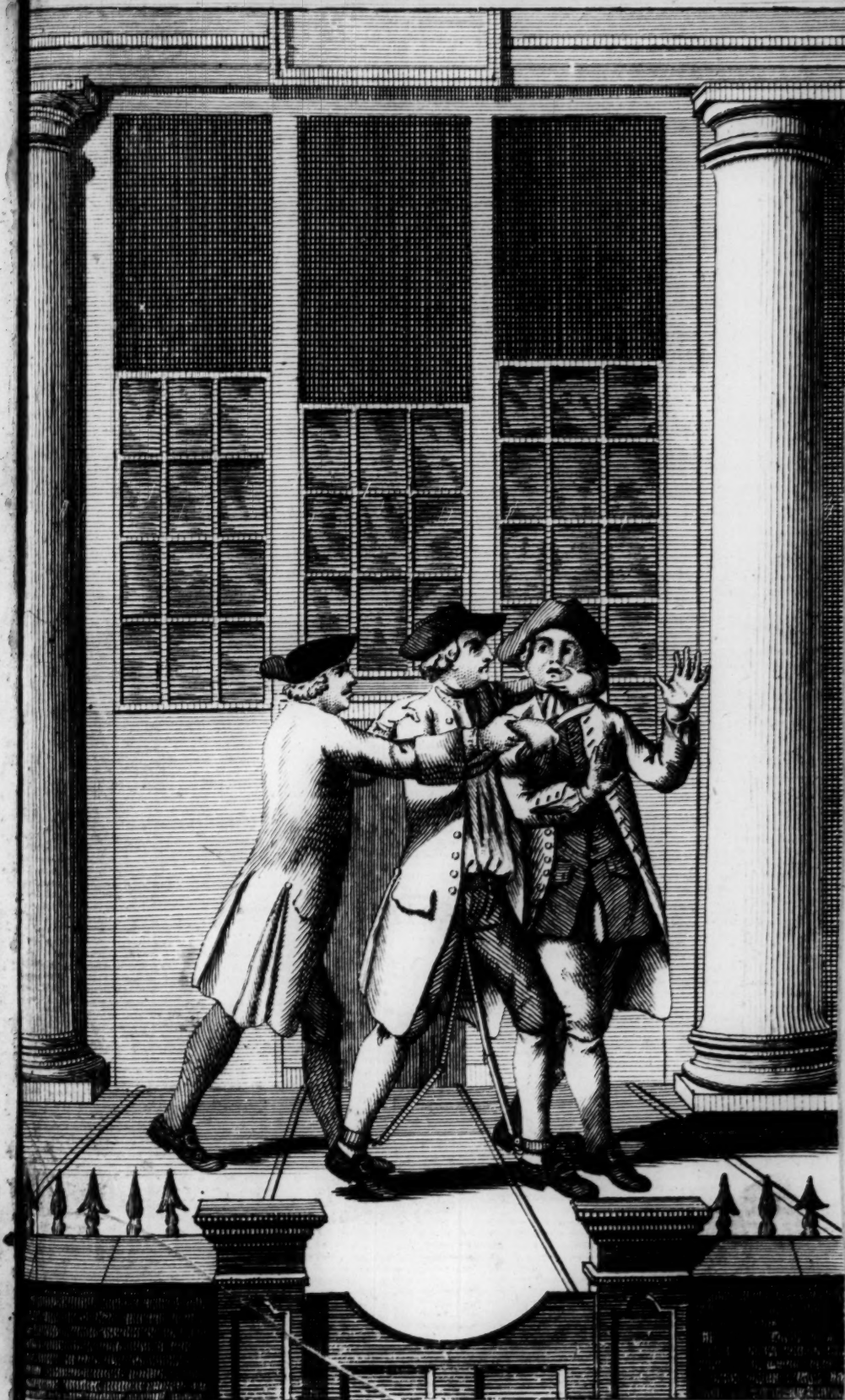
The gentleman, whose observations on frauds I have recorded, again made his appearance the next morning. Being Sunday, he was soliciting my landlord to attend the service in Newgate, and hear what is vulgarly called the *condemned sermon*. The report of the criminals in that prison having been made to his Majesty, by the Recorder, on the Friday preceding, seven men and one woman were ordered to be executed.

The landlord expressing a desire to accompany the gentleman, asked me if I would go with them. I readily agreed, and to Newgate we went without delay; gained admittance by a *silver key*, as the old saying is, and by *speaking properly*, led to an easy situation.

We were admitted into the chapel some minutes before the criminals made their appearance; but their approach was quickly announced by the horrible rattling of their chains. The poor condemned unfortunates were ushered into a large pew in the centre, directly before the pulpit. On the table round which they were seated, was placed a coffin,—an awful *memento* of death, which they all now stared in the face.

The other prisoners, some under sentence of transportation, and others who had not yet been tried, next came into the chapel; appearing a most disorderly multitude, devoid of decency, and even glorying in their fetters; the noise of which, till they sat down in the pew appointed them, was truly hideous.

The state prisoners next made their appearance,  
and



*Blake, alias Blueskin attempting to cut the Throat of Jonathan Wild, on the leads before the old Sessions house.*

*Handwritten text, possibly a signature or title, obscured by a large dark stain.*





and such others who occupied the crown side of the prison, and sat down in a pew contiguous to the capital convicts. The debtors took their places in the two galleries; the men on one side, and the women on the other. The chapel is considerably capacious, and contains room enough for the many strangers who usually visit the place from curiosity, on such an occasion.

On the entrance of the minister, who was not the ordinary of the place, silence was proclaimed by the turn-keys, and order prevailed during the church-service, which was performed with a suitable solemnity.

The convicts, I mean the condemned people, all behaved with decency, except one of the men, who discovered a levity of demeanor, but ill-becoming a borderer on eternity. During the sermon, which was well calculated for the solemn occasion, that thoughtless fellow sat without the least concern; nodding and winking to his unhappy companions, who, however, remained regardless of his gesticulations. Had the man been even in a certain country church, where I have often been, and imitated the grins and antics of Lady Giggle, or my Lord Whisper, he could not have been more in his element. The thought of this insensibility in such a fellow creature, the hour of whose dissolution was at but a very few days distance, disturbed my mind during the whole sermon.

I have been informed, that very few of such unhappy men ever shew the least signs of repentance, until the arrival of the death warrant—after which

which they have but a short time to live. In the yard, where their cells are situated, they generally employ the little time of their little enlargement in gambling, rioting, and wantonness; not forgetful of the old trade which initiated them into deeper mysteries of iniquity, but reducing their theory to practice—by picking the pockets of even one another, if strangers keep out of their reach.—How far the grace of the Great Supreme inspirer of good may penetrate the hearts of such hardened people at the last hour, is hard to ascertain; but, by the after conduct of such criminals as have been redeemed from death, even under the tree, we may easily discover that the seed sown upon their insensible souls, was but of little or no depth, having fallen as upon *stoney ground*.

Sermon being closed, and the benediction pronounced, the reign of disorder was instantly resumed. The rising of the criminals was like thunder. All was noise, clamour, and vociferation. The common prisoners rushed forth into their great quadrangle with impetuous jarring sound; while the condemned criminals were conducted with more solemnity to their cells.

We, who were strangers, placed ourselves in a row to see the awful procession, whilst a collection was made by the turnkeys, which they said was for the prisoners. The gentleman who was in our company, whispered me in the ear, saying, they should lay for us, *poor prison-keepers*,

We peeped into several of the wards in the main quadrangle of the felons, beheld their hard  
boarded

boarded beds, like barracks, and saw many wretches lying down in a state the most uncomfortable, and hardly to be described. "Every twenty-four hours," said the gentleman, "these creatures receive their miserably scanty allowance of bread, and devour it in little more than a moment. How they subsist around the rest of the day. We can better conceive than unfold. *Howard*—that peerless philanthropist—that honour to the name of Briton—can best depict the miseries of such a situation! O intemperance—O dissipation—think—O think but for a moment, on the miserable—and copy his fair example!"

As we passed through a little gate to gain what is called the Master-side, the pick-pockets in swarms surrounded us, and the other strangers. Few of us got away from this graceless group without loss. On the other side the scene changed. Many genteel prisoners arose to our view in more diminutive fetters, kept bright, and such, as *Lockie* says, in the *Beggar's Opera*, which no gentleman need be ashamed of wearing. These culprits were people in high life, and disdained to stoop so low as the thieves on the other side of the partition. Highwaymen, men for forgery, genteel shoplifters, and box-lobby pick-pockets constituted this company. Such care but little for the hour of distributing the little loaves. They fare sumptuously every day, being well provided for by their town ladies, and at night lay down on good beds in rooms so elevated, as to overlook the wretched beyond the mural division.

After surveying several of the apartments, and drinking a bottle of wine in the kitchen, we emerged from those realms of deep distress, and again beheld the external part of this magnificent



edifice, whose walls are of massy Portland stones, and gates of knotty oak covered with iron.

This building faces the street called the Old Bailey, and stands upon part of the scite where the old goal stood. In the centre is the keeper's house, which is a superb and commodious mansion. At each end of the keeper's house an recess, which adds a dignity to the simplicity of the front, are placed the lodges of the turnkeys. These buildings, and the keeper's, are the only parts that have windows externally. The lodges communicate with every part of the goal, which is divided into three distinct prisons, forming three quadrangles or inner courts; viz. that appropriated for the felons, another for the debtors, and the third for the female felons.

This new goal being demolished by the rioters in 1780, has since been rebuilt, at least internally, with several alterations. The cells, where the capital convicts reside, are those which were used when the old goal was standing. They are of prodigious strength: their diminutive dimensions and dismal darkness discover the barbarous age in which they were erected; which, however, does not appear to have been antecedent to the old gothic gate which was removed in 1775.

The quadrangle appropriated for the women, like that in the centre, is divided into two parts; one of which is inhabited by state prisoners, those convicted of libels against government, and such who are *fines* as can afford to pay a weekly rent for rooms commodiously fitted up for their reception.

The number of different rooms in the prison is about seventy, exclusive of the cells, which are eighteen in number. The whole building is well

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laid out for wholesome air. The lower stories are eleven feet, and the upper story twelve feet high, and the depth of each room, from front to back, fifteen feet. On the summit of the structure is a large reservoir, from which water is conveyed to wash the privies of the several rooms; thereby preventing any accumulated filth from annoying the prison.

This is the strong tower of the city and county, in which the sons of depredation are kept in safety. Over this gate is brandished the flaming sword of justice—warning the bad to beware of touching and tasting the tree of life—of property not their own. Without such awful a warning, it would be safer for man to herd with the wild and savage beasts of prey; without such a tremendous sight, exhibited to the lawless slaves of injustice, farewell liberty forever—adieu all the cheering beams of society.

Having thus reviewed the dismal mansions of the most depraved part of mankind, we returned to our inn, dined comfortably, even superbly—and then proposed to visit a few of the country villages on the north of the metropolis.

We visited the Spa-fields, and White-conduit-house, where we saw nothing remarkable, and then passed through Islington, a long populous village, and arrived at Newington-green. We sat down in an arbour, in the tea-garden, of the widow Burrows, a buxom jolly landlady, of a civil deportment and lively conversation. It will be very surprising, said my landlord of the Castle, if this lady stands it another winter, without altering her condition. See how the old codgers and bachelors swarm about her, like bees about a hive, and dwell upon her smiles." "O here they come"—cried

the gentleman—"I will name them as they pass, as Adam named the beasts and birds of Paradise."

There, first and foremost, goes *Harry Humdrum*, a great linen-draper in the Minories, and little *Twidaledum*, his neighbour, of the same profession. The *wife* pates of both these b——s are not worth above two-pence, yet behold how highly powdered their hair—how majestic their walk—how stately their action as they spout their jargon!—One of these fellows, and the most effeminate of the two, if there is any difference, actually, the other day, knocked down a poor old man with a load, for only muttering as he passed, "no wonder that dumplings are dear, when every senseless coxcomb draws all the consequence he possesses from the meal-tub on his sapient head. The old fellow quickly recovered himself, rose and seized *Humdrum* by the collar, and shook him till scarce a particle of powder covered his *pericranium*. *Twidaledum*, observing his friend thus despoiled of his glory, furiously ran behind the old man, and attempted to kick up his heels. The mob now numerously collected around the sops, rescued the old man, preventing him from knocking the two loggerheads together, and bestowed on *Twidaledum* the discipline of a neighbouring horse-pond.

"Ye sons of powder and pomatum, tell,

"What dire mischance Dick Twideldum befel!"

The landlady and her fair daughter served us with our tea, which was good. Her liquours were only exceptionable in price, but a widow may well be allowed the indulgence of making a rapid fortune.

After tea and so forth, we left that rural retreat, which is as recluse as if fifty miles removed from the metropolis, and passed on to Newington.



As we were walking by the side of the New River, I observed a young woman along with an elderly gentleman. I was sure I knew her—but, alas! she suddenly disappeared.

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## CHAPTER IX.

*A rhapsody on love—the eccentrical robe-maker  
—Maria—the battle between Ward and Mendoza  
—I lose my money.*

IT was the transient sight of my divine Maria that yesterday, at Newington, deranged all my thoughts, and rendered me insensible to every object, as returning to London. But though I have discovered her abode, how shall I convey my sentiments to her without a discovery of myself—The beautiful building in which my fair-one dwells, is impregnable as an ancient castle, the park in which it is situate is surrounded by water, except the entrance on the east, which is highly walled on each side. The gates are adamantine, and open to none but whom the porter well knows. This morning, however, shall be devoted to another rural walk; and, O ye powers presiding over the fates of lovers, who claim the care of directing every mean to its right end, prove favourable this day, and bring my matchless maid again to my marvelling sight, that with chaste and dear delight I may clasp her in my longing arms! Reader, pardon the rhapsody—for it was dictated by love, and in that case, you know, sense is utterly out of the question.

I walked through Islington to Highbury-barn, and there called for some refreshment. I had not

sat above five minutes when in came a man puffing and blowing, without a hat on his head or in his hand. He sat down at the table, pulled out several grand robes, some purple, others scarlet, and some sable, edged with ermine. I imagined, at the first, that all this vain show was merely out of ostentation and silly parade, to make himself conspicuous to the company, which now fast accumulated. But when I beheld his sudden starts, wild looks, and comic attitudes, I concluded that he was a person broke out of Bethlehem.

The wondering crowd encreasing, I withdrew into the bar, where sat the landlady, a very discreet wellbehaved woman, who, after bidding me sit down, thus proceeded:

"I see, Sir, you rather wonder at this singular character. He is one of the most eccentrical geniuses to be found within the bill of mortality. He fabricates robes for the judges, and counsellors, and sometimes, especially at a coronation—but that is very seldom, you know, Sir—he is employed to make the robes of royalty.

"From the gentlemen of the law he has learned quirks, and all the arts of chicanery, duplicity, and deception; so that he is litigious, even to a proverb.—His mind has been much chagrined and disturbed by the misconduct of his eldest son, who keeps his gig and girl, just by the Quaker's new park and mansion, at Newington, which you may see from the bar-window.

"He will, sometimes, rush out of his house, with his blue bag under his arm, as if intent upon business of the utmost importance, and then, after running half the length of a street, suddenly stop, as if in the utmost perturbation, for having left something behind, and after all he goes into the Hole.

Hole-in-the-wall, to read the *Times*, over a gill of perry.

"You observe, Sir, he is now bare-headed.— He never does wear a hat on a common week day, but on a Sunday he is never seen uncovered. For that reason a quaker's meeting suits him better than a church. It is not long since this original genius came out with his blue bag as usual, apparently to wait upon a customer, or drink his morning draught; when, behold, Sir, it came into his sapient head to pursue his journey to the city of York, where he arrived, as he had walked all the way, uncovered.

"He is said, in like manner, to have visited a western city, above an hundred miles from London; but as he set out on a Sunday, and wore his hat, on his arrival, he hung it upon a peg in the parlour of the inn where he halted. There he left it, and returned bare-headed. Unwilling, however, to lose a hat, or to pay extravagant charges for carriage, he again set off to the same place; where staying till Sunday, he very composedly went into the parlour, removed his hat from the peg, and so finished his peregrination."

Thus the amiable lady entertained me, till I beheld the genius withdraw, and cross the fields towards Newington. Hoping to meet with more of his eccentricities, I paid my reckoning, and followed the robe-maker.

I overtook him by the side of the New River, in the place called *Paradise-row*, contiguous to the park of the great quaker. Here, according to my wishes, he fell instantly into such strange vagaries, as if inclined to dance. This, as well may be imagined, suddenly called forth the daughters of music, and the great mansion beyond the river poured forth its dwellers to behold the merriment.



A groupe of decent quakers approach the margin of the limped stream ; and, O ye powers divine, whose aid this blissful morn I ardently implored—you have heard my pathetic plaint, and again presented to my sight, my lovely Maria!

“ Grace is in all her steps, heaven in her eye,

“ In every gesture dignity and love !

On beholding my delightful charmer, I left the robe-maker and his accumulating company, and beckoned her to walk a little farther along the flowery bank. She suddenly beheld me, blushed, and shed tears.—I was just on the point, imprudently, to jump into the river, for *many waters cannot quench love*—but her uncle, whom I perceived in the company on the other side, instantly obliged all the ladies and young men of his mansion to return from the puppet shew.

I was now almost distracted, and perfectly inconsolable. I retired to an inn at Newington, wrote a letter to my fair-one, and looked wishfully for one by whose hand I could convey it. The landlord, observing me discomposed, asked me what I appeared so anxiously to look for ? I told him in a few words, and he promised to deliver the letter faithfully into Maria's hands himself.

The landlord was as good as his promise, and on his return, brought me an answer from the adorable object of all my sublunary desires.

Having received an intimation that my fair-one, with the family, would be in town on the Friday following, I grew quite tranquil, and resolved to pass the time, long as it might seem, in beholding such curiosities as had not then fallen under my observation.

My mind now being quite exhilarated, I heedlessly was caught in a trap, of which I was not in the least aware. On my return to town, I observed







a vast concourse of a mixed mob running impetuously into a field near Hoxton. This I followed, and soon found that two noted pugilists were about to engage. A circle was quickly formed, and I observed now a considerable number of genteel persons present, several of whom were pointed out to be noblemen, and others of high distinction.

The combatants appeared ready stripped, attended by their seconds, and an elected umpire, with the bottle holders.—The heroes salute by shaking hands, and quickly assume the looks of anger.—Rage kindles in their breasts and weighty blows on either side are rapidly bestowed. David, as with a hammer, not a sling, bounces a Hebrew blow upon the breast of his athletic Christian antagonist, who falls backward, like *Jericho's* high tower at the sound of rams horns. Again he's raised from the flowery turf, and weilds, with ire renewed his potent arm, beneath whose ardent blow the Hebrew falls. A general roar resounds around the ring, and ten to one is offered, lay who dare, in favour of the fallen son of Jacob.—Done! done! I myself loudly exclaimed—producing fifteen guineas. A genteel person produced an hundred and fifty pounds note, the rest in gold, and urged me to deposit my stake with a person who appeared to be quite responsible.

Mean while the fight went on, and deadly thumps and woeful falls prevailed.—A while the son of Israel seems to sink beneath the potent arm of warring Amalek—anon the gentile Chieftian, in his turn, falls, lowly on the sod, besmeared with blood. Now eager expectation sits perched on every brow of the spectators, while fate and victory hover between the combatants. At last the Hebrew dealt a death-like blow, and forces his  
fierce

ducal cap to receive our bounty, informing us, that it was always customary for the curious to cast some money into the cap.

We were shewn the shrine of St. Edward—that of Editha, his queen, and daughter of Goodwyn, Earl of Kent, a lady famed for beauty, learning, prudent œconomy, gentle manners, and inimitable skill in needle-work; having wrought with her own hands the curious and magnificent robes the king used to wear on his collar days. She died May 1, 1118.

The monumts to the memories of men famed for arts and arms, are too numerous for recital. Even those of kings, princes, and statesmen, appear with a shadowy pre-eminence. The monument in St. Michal's chapel adjoining, appears one of the most striking and best executed in the whole repository. I mean that to the memory of Joseph Gascoigne Nightingale, Esq. of Mamhead, in Devonshire; and his lady. This is the performance of *Roubiliac*, that great master of statuary, and is justly admired by all judges of merit, and lovers of ingenuity.

Above is represented a lady expiring in the arms of her husband; beneath death appears slyly peeping from a tomb, pointing his dart to the dying figure; at the sight the husband seems to close her to his bosom, as struck with sudden astonishment, to defend her from the fatal stroke.

There are two fine monuments in the area, which are seen from the outside of the railing; the one to the memory of Earl Ligonier, the other of General Wolfe, who bravely fell before Quebec, at the moment of victory. He is represented in the last agonies of expiring heroism, with his hand closing the wound which the ball that killed

killed him had made in his breast, and falling into the arms of a grenadier, who catches, and endeavours to support him on his haunches, while with one hand he holds his feeble arm, and with the other points to glory, in the form of an angel holding a wreath ready to crown him. The faithful highland serjeant who attended the general is represented in relief, with a countenance full of sorrow,

I should have mentioned the wax figures in a chauntry over the chapel of St. John the Baptist, which represent the effigies of several kings and queens, which are all totally eclipsed by that of the late Earl of Chatham in his parliamentary robes.

We now returned to the Abbey, and viewed the monuments in the Poet's corner; all of which yield pleasure and instruction to the spectator, but cannot here be enumerated.

The grave of *Garrick*, the inimitable actor, and that of *Johnson*, the great author, are near the monument of *Shakelspear*; but though the latter has now a superb monument in St. Paul's cathedral, by *Bacon*, the former has not, notwithstanding the vast wealth which he left, a single stone raised to his memory.---If the rich heirs of that first commentator of the beautiful bard of Avon, are too parsimonious to afford a stone to perpetuate his tragic and comic powers, why do not the lovers of the drama come forward with a subscription for that purpose? It is true young folks of the present day, remember but little of *Garrick*, or his superior powers, but are there not many who yet remain on the stage of life who can say, "We never more shall see his like again?"

What a venerable pile appears this ancient struc-



ture, thus paved with the dust of kings, conquerors, poets, and philosophers! Whose walls are adorned with the most exquisite labours of art, and exhibits some of our illustrious heroes, statesmen and noble patriots! But, "this huge fabric, this sacred repository of fame and grandeur, will only be the stage for the same performance; receive new accessions of noble dust, be adorned with other sepulchres of cost and magnificence, be crowded with successive admirers, and at last, by the unavoidable decays of time, bury the whole collection of antiquities in general obscurity, and be the monument of its own ruin."

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## CHAPTER X.

*The Tower described—great curiosities—Lackington's Temple of the Muses.*

FROM the Abbey we passed over Westminster-bridge, viewed the King's Bench prison, and talked to several of its unfortunate inmates, who all appeared chearful, and recalled to my remembrance what Milton in his *Paradise Lost* says, the fallen spirits, who variously employed themselves, and made the best of their sad situation.

From this we adjourned to the Marshalsea prison, which is a place abundantly more dismal than the former; as its inhabitants are people much meaner, and of a cast vulgar in the extreme. This dungeon yielded little or no entertainment. The gentleman informed me, that the county gaol, which we had past, would have better satisfied our curiosity, as it contains the felons of Surrey, many of whom are  
more

more desperate men, than those whom we beheld in Newgate. So we passed on through the borough of Southwark, and over London-bridge, on a visit to the strong Tower of London, about half a mile east, down the river.

"The white tower, which constitutes a part of the building," said the gentleman—"was erected by William the Conqueror, in the year 1076; and the whole fort completed by his son, William Rufus, so called on account of his red hair, who, in 1098, surrounded it with walls, and fortified it with a broad and deep ditch. Rufus was a great geometrical genius for his days. He built Westminster-hall, and was killed by accident in the New Forest in Hampshire by an arrow."

We were first introduced to the dens of lions and other wild quadrupeds, on paying each sixpence. Here having seen several strange animals, (leopards and lionesses) we were conducted to the second range, and beheld the royal tiger from Madras; a fine he lion, from Bombay; a lioness, from Senegal, &c.

Next monkeys, bears, tyger-cats, Fanny, a lioness, playing with a dog in her den, and many other curious creatures arose in the scene of our wondering sight. In this collection of far fetched animals, are many birds, besides the eagle, the ostrich, &c.

From this department we entered the great gate, and were conducted by a warder, to the several places where other curiosities are shewn. We first saw the spoils of the invincible Spanish Armada, with the various instruments of torture and cruelty, intended for the Protestants in England. We next saw the axe with which Ann Bullen, and afterwards the Earl of Essex were beheaded. We paid each a shilling at entrance to view these, and many

other such curiosities; the last of which is the shield of the Spanish general, who commanded in that memorable expedition to conquer this country. On this shield are depicted, in most curious workmanship, the labours of Hercules, and other expressive allegories, perhaps unequalled by modern artists, and arriving in grandeur to the chevices on the famous shield of *Achilles*, as beautifully described by *Homer*.

We next ascended a grand staircase of about fifty steps. On our immediate entrance we viewed at the first sight, complete arms for a hundred thousand men, all bright and clean, and fit for service at a moment's warning. A sight truly amazing to every spectator, and is not to be matched, perhaps, in the world. In the centre, where we entered, we beheld four beautiful columns entwined with pistols. We saw also the dropping star, the rising and setting sun, military fans, half moons, &c. all represented by armour.

We were next presented with a view of the arms of the rebels of 1745, among which is a broad sword, with which a highlander struck General Evans over the head, and at one blow, cut him through his hat, wig, and iron scull-cap. Here is also the sword of justice, having a sharp point, and the sword of mercy, having a blunt point, both carried before the Pretender, when proclaimed in Scotland, 1715.

The figure of Jupiter, riding in his triumphal car, drawn by eagles, as if in clouds, holds a thunder-bolt in his left hand, and crowned with a rainbow, all exquisitely carved and decorated with bayonets.

These, and a thousand peculiarities are shewn the spectators, and I should have accounted my journey



to London of much less utility than it has been, if I had not visited this vast repository of curiosities, perhaps unequalled in the whole world.

The royal train of artillery are disposed of on the ground floor, beneath the small armory, and of equal dimensions with the ground canopy. Such various engines of destruction, and so numerous, fill the mind with an awful dread, at the consideration of the havock, ruins, and desolation they are capable of producing. When shall the time come when all these tremendous instruments of death shall be turned into the implements of husbandry, and mankind learn the art of war no more.

The horse armory next drew our attention, in which is a representation of those illustrious kings and heroes of our own nations, of whose noble acts we have so often heard and read so much; all mounted on their steeds, and clad in the same armour in which they performed those renowned deeds, which render their memories immortal.

The Jewel-office, which we next saw, is a dark strong room, to the eastward of the grand storehouse. In this the regalia is kept, and on our entrance into, which we again paid a shilling for each person.

Here we saw the imperial crown, the golden globe, the golden sceptre, the staff of St. Edward—the rich salt-cellar of state, used only at the coronation—the sword of mercy, the royal font, the Prince of Wales's crown, the golden eagle of *Becket* and a variety of other fine things too tedious to be recorded in this narrative.

Being introduced into the Mint, we surveyed the stamping engine for gold and copper coins, and

actually beheld the operation, which is dextrous to a degree of amazement.

Before we returned to Holborn, the gentleman led the landlord and us to the *Temple of the Muses*, in Finsbury Square, being the large library of *Lackington, Allen and Company*, consisting of full half a million of books in all languages, and said to be the cheapest in the world.

This temple is so capacious, that a stage coach and six once drove round the internal area. In the centre a lofty dome rises above all the houses in the square, around which, from the bottom to the summit, we were astonished to behold books of every size to a number incredible. All the other quarters of this temple also discover uncounted volumes of literature in this extensive library.

Having purchased a choice, but small collection of scarce volumes, I had put into my hand, the *Life of Lackington*, as written by himself. In this entertaining book the author appears not ashamed of the obscurity or meanness of his birth, but dwells with delight upon that period, during which he laboured with his hands as a shoe-maker. Nay, even after his elevation, by dint of unwearied diligence and industry, from a state of penury to the very summit of prosperity, he disdained not to revisit his old fellow-workmen and the little masters of his native town in Somersetshire, but in his own chariot, with a coachman and footman in livery, called at their shops, and enquired *whether they had occasion for a hand!*

“Then his approach did make a little holyday,  
And all the town was clad with joy to meet him—”

ROWE  
CHAPTER

## CHAPTER XI.

*The Bawd of Creed-Lane, several Trials at the Old Bailey.*

HAVING again seen the pleasing piece called the Prize, represented at the theatre, curiosity led me to enquire into the nature of a State Lottery, when the gentleman at the Castle, to whom I acknowledge myself greatly indebted for information, thus gave me a sketch of it.

A lottery originally was a sacred institution, and never used but in cases of difficulty, when the Almighty himself interposed. This evidently appears in the division of Palestine to the ancient Jews, which was by a lottery. From other parts of sacred writ we may observe the same deference paid to this institution, as in the case of the election of *Matthias*, in the room of *Iscaiot*, and so forth.

“ But, in the last century, lotteries were introduced as a political ordinance, to raise money on an emergency. In the present reign, as well as the last, lotteries have been used, as state engines, to raise the ready money without interest; the whole of the principal returning to the public as chance, or fortune directed. During the few last years, the plan has been greatly altered, and the present Premier, whose character it is not my province to impeach, and far be it from my design, has greatly augmented the original price of tickets, and thereby much enlarged the sum raised for the service of government.

“ Lotteries, on the present basis, have proved pernicious to society, as a general spirit of gambling now pervades the kingdom, in consequence of



of their introduction. Among the lower orders of the people you will see this prevail, as much as among the great vulgar. A few years ago books, tea, and many other things were disposed of by lottery. Even the shoe-blacks had their lotteries, barbers erected their wheels of fortune. And though these nuisance have wisely been removed, yet still an universal spirit of gaming reigns with a sole dominion over all degrees.

"Were I to dwell upon the insuring of tickets, which still privately prevails, regardless of the mandates of magistrates, and the ruin which has overtaken hundreds of families, I should tire my tongue, and your patience. Wives, widows, maids, and spinsters, during the drawing, must, and will procure cash for insuring their favorite numbers, and day by day picquet themselves, whilst anxiously waiting the fiat of fortune. Then groan, being burthened, the high shelves of their usurious uncles! and *Dolly Dandle*, *Kitty Cunning*, *Molly Mischance*, *Dame Dismal*, and *Mother Midnight*, appear undressed, almost naked, till the far distant day of redemption.

"These nefarious practices have often been supported at several of the capital offices; though all are not of that cast, as I know several worthy honest men, who do themselves honour by their conduct to the public, and very punctually pay every demand in the regular course of their business, there are *Bish* and *Brand/combe*, who keep one capital office in this street, another near the church, where you saw the figures beat on the bells, the other day; *St. Dunstan*, who once snapt *Old Nick*, himself by the nose, and another not far from the centre of the city."

The gentleman was here interrupted by the appearance

pearance of an old woman, who roared vehemently at the door, and alarmed the *gaping street*. I ran out to see what was the cause of the uproar, when the hag—for truly she put me in mind of Mrs. Cole, the procuress, loudly, and lamentably thus vociferated: “Alas! I am quite ruined, for ever and a day!—My house, in *Creed-Lane*, is beset by a pack of vagabonds!—The candle and lanthorn are held up at my door, to the total terror of all my dear, sweet, tender, young creatures.

It appeared that the blighted bawd was deranged in her mind, by the sudden accident which she endeavoured to depict; but of which, not understanding her, I asked the gentleman the meaning. Without answering, he put on his hat, and taking his cane, bade me follow him. On our arrival within sight of St. Paul’s, he said—“This is the lane where the old lady lives”—I looked and beheld a numerous groupe of people surrounding a watchman, who placed himself in the centre, with his staff, candle and lanthorn.—“Now, young man,” quoth my companion, laughing—“if you chuse to visit that house in *Believing Lane*, you will be ushered into the ladies by that man, who, like the philosopher, goes with his candle at noon day, in search of an honest man.” He then informed me, that the house was infamous, and having been the scene of much wickedness, was deemed disorderly; in consequence of which, the bawd, whom you beheld in Holborn, bereaved of her senses, has been presented and indicted. He added, “is it not, think you, a *burning shame*, to suffer such a nuisance?”

Returning a little way down the hill, the gentleman pointed to a street over the way, which he said was the Old Bailey, where we had been  
the

the preceding Sunday; adding, that the sessions of *Oyer and Terminer* for the city and county had that morning commenced.

This greatly excited my curiosity, which was not a little raised by the appearance of two of the judges, stepping from their chariots to go into court. Can we, said I to my companion, readily gain admittance into court? He told me we might easily obtain a seat in one of the galleries, where we might hear and see all that passed, and stay just as long as we pleased.

We went up stairs, were admitted for an inconsiderable payment, and sat down in a front seat, quite commodious for the purpose of attending the solemnity.

In this court the Lord Mayor, over whose chair is placed the city sword of Justice, is supposed to preside, although the business is done by the Judges in the commission, the Recorder, and sometimes the Common Serjeant. The jury had been sworn previous to our getting in, and were upon a trial for an highway robbery; of which I shall say nothing, as I heard little more than the verdict of not guilty.

The next case was that of two notorious swindlers, who, in company with a third, not then taken, were charged with robbing a tavern in the county of Middlesex of three hundred pounds, and a quantity of plate; and as the main design of this narrative is to expose the frauds and artifices of the London sharpers, I shall present my readers, especially those in the country, with a brief account of the transactions, as given upon oath by the witnesses.

Three fellows, genteely dressed, went into the tavern, and desired a private room, to transact business.



nels of importance. The landlady, in the absence of her husband, who, as the men well knew, was not in the way, shewed them a room up stairs, and received their order for a sumptuous dinner, and a bottle of wine, &c. in the mean time. Their orders being complied with, they sat about two hours, and drank plentifully. One of the men came down just as the mistress sat down to tea in the bar, and begged that she would pour him out a cup or two, he was unable to stand drinking with his companions, who were sad fuddling fellows.

The landlady, with the politest address she was mistress of, very cordially invited him into the bar, and he found means to entertain her with several Canterbury tales, and cock and bull stories, about his spouse, and her relations, who were all immensely opulent people.

In about half an hour, one of the other fellows came down, and appearing surprised to see his companion in the bar, thus addressed him: "Oh, oh, I see what you are about, Sir; but who the duce is to be your slave, Sir? Come, come, Sir, this will not do; if it does, I'll be d——!"

Don't be angry, retorted the man in the bar; call for another bottle, and I'll be with you, in the saying an Amen. He soon after went up; a reckoning was called for; the bill amounted to above three guineas, which they freely discharged, and wished a good night to the pleased landlady.

They had not been departed above five minutes when the landlord returned, and immediately went up to his room to get money to pay a large bill to a tradesman who came home with him. He quickly returned down, and gave the alarm, that his bureau and drawers had been broke open, and rifled of money to the amount above mentioned;

ed; loudly exclaiming—who have you had <sup>up</sup> stairs since I went out? The landlady informed him in a few words; he ran out along with the tradesman, recollecting that they had met three men crossing a field, and lustily cried out, *stop thief!*

Two of the fellows were soon taken, one hiding himself in a ditch, and another stooping down in a corn-field. They were instantly seized by the pursuers, and a gentleman, who heard the alarm; but the third, who carried the cash, &c. got clear off. None of the property was found on the parties captured; however, being taken before a magistrate, they were committed for trial.

On their defence, they declared themselves innocent as the child unborn, and produced a variety of people to their character.

The judge proceeding to sum up the evidence, was abruptly apprised by the foreman of the jury, that his lordship might save himself the trouble, as they were of opinion, that there was nothing produced in evidence to affect the prisoners.

His lordship, with no inconsiderable warmth, desired the gentlemen first to hear his charge, and then give their verdict. He now went through the whole of the evidence with great precision; explaining the law in the case where several are in company together, with intent to perpetrate a felony. He observed that the circumstance of one of the prisoners being in the bar to keep the mistress of the house in play by his conversation, and of the other prisoner coming down, pretending to chide his companion, strongly marked their design: particularly his lordship dwelt upon their being taken in suspicious situations. The jury, after hesitating a quarter of an hour, pronounced **the**

the prisoners both *not guilty*—to the extreme surprise of the court, and every person present.

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## CHAPTER XII.

*The theatre—continuation of trials—the lady Skoplister—the feigned madman—the eating-house—crimps—St. James's—the register-office—my dreadful disaster—happy conclusion.*

**H**IGHLY entertained, and excellently instructed by the impartiality of this court, so much celebrated for its lenity, proposed the next day to return to the same gallery. But previous to our return home, I solicited my friend to accompany me to that lottery office which he had so fondly recommended. There I purchased a ticket in the English, and one in the Irish lottery. As this was universally called the *lucky office*, I anticipated a certain success. All the evening employed my fond fancy in shortly being enabled, by the hand of the good old *dame Fortune* to be independent through life, and to enjoy the company of my matchless *Maria*, without the regret of her opulent friends in the country.

Under the auspices of such reflections, I grew less regardful of my cash, which yet was not a sum quite inconsiderable.

In consequence of such a hope, I very freely invited the gentleman, my good landlord, and his daughter, to attend me to Drury-lane Theatre, which opened that evening, for the first time that season. We were all highly entertained with the fine comedy, which was performed to great perfection. The

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noble



noble grandeur of the house, lately rebuilt, and all its superb decorations, and beautiful scenery, fill the imagination with ideas the most sublime. *The School for Scandal* is certainly one of the finest productions of the present age, and equal in dramatical merit to the best of Congreve's comedies. The celebrated Mr. *Sheridan* is its author, and also of the *Duenna*, the *Rivals*, and the *Critic*.—This gentleman's political character cannot be better established in the esteem of mankind in general; his dramatical fame can never be more elevated, by any effort of his fertile genius.

The next morning, which I mark as the twelfth of my rambles through London, we resumed our seats in the gallery of the Sessions House, and were early enough to see the arraignment of the prisoners at the bar. The Middlesex jury were sworn, and the trials again commenced.

The first was that of a lady for shoplifting, in Holborn, at a shop nearly opposite to the castle. It appeared that she had caused the shopman to shew her sundry patterns of blond lace, which she inspected, and while his back was turned for a moment, found an opportunity of secreting as much as was worth twelve pounds.

The manœuvre, sudden as it was, remained not unobserved by another young man at the farther end of the shop. He communicated his observation to the master, just as the lady, who bought nothing, withdrew into the street. The master following her, desired she would walk back to the shop, as he wanted to speak to her. She did return, but not without much reluctance, and was told what was suspected.—She was searched—nothing was found upon her. She had a second time reached the door, when the young man

man solemnly persisting in his original declaration, she was again taken back, and conducted into the parlour. Here being strictly and most minutely searched by the house-keeper, the lace was discovered, in less than an hour, and the lady, resuming her dress, was taken to Bow-street, and that evening committed to Bridewell, where she was immediately recognized by the governor, and his servants. The prisoner was found guilty of an offence made capital by the statute, which awards death to any offender of this class, who steals to the amount of five shillings, if privately, but as she was observed as above, her punishment amounted to no more than transportation.

The next prisoners set to the bar were two ill-looking fellows, having but two eyes betwixt them, and remarkable for deformity of faces. They were charged with the enormous crime of extorting money from a gentleman of the fairest and most unblemished character, by threatening to expose him to the world as a person who had stood on the pillory for a crime not even to be mentioned amongst men. They were both capitally convicted.

Several other trials succeeded, none of which were interesting enough to be recorded here except the following, with which I shall conclude my report.

The keeper of Newgate informed the Recorder, that one of the prisoners below pretended to be insane and disturbed all the rest by his vociferations. He was ordered to be brought up as the next for trial. Being led into the bar, he thus addressed the court:

"My Lord, I am a peer of the realm, and cannot be tried by this jury. To them I thus ob-

ject, on the score of their ineligibility—I therefore insist upon my being tried by my peers—not here, but in the hall of Westminster.”

The venerable Recorder here cut him short, assuring him he would have no other peers to try him, but these gentlemen. After much noise and mad altercation, on the part of the prisoner, he pled to the indictment, and the trial began.

It appeared that the prisoner went to a tavern, near Sadler's Wells, and ordered a dinner for himself and two more gentlemen. These not appearing, he called upon the waiter and ordered dinner to be served up immediately; exclaiming, Sirrah, have you never a spoon in the house? The waiter told him he had already laid a spoon on the table. “You lie, sirrah!” cried the enraged guest, rising in a violent passion, and running down stairs. The waiter fast followed him into the necessary, and there saw him drop a silver spoon, which he took up and shewed to his master, who instantly seized the fellow. He made the defence following.

“My Lord, and gentlemen of the jury, I am a man of vast property, being worth millions. I once lent three millions to the Duke of Bedford, and is it at all likely, I should be capable of stealing a silver spoon from a tavern?”

“Gentlemen, I am not better known for my heroism, than my literary abilities. I was the man who first entered the *Mora Castle*, at the *Havannah*, 1762, the day on which the present prince of Wales was born. All the speeches that have been spoken in the House of Commons by Mr. Pitt, were actually written by me.”

He was interrupted by a sudden burst of laughter



ter from the whole court, in which all the spectators joined. Several people, particularly the keeper of a *spunging-house*, were called to his character, who declared him to be an eccentric genius, who, by his oddities, had often brought himself into trouble. The jury, supposing the prisoner insane, acquitted him.

Being tired with trials, we adjourned to an eating-house, in Salisbury-court, and were conducted up stairs, where we beheld several capacious tables, surrounded by a set of very shabby gentlemen, amongst whom, I observed the two sharpers who had been acquitted the preceding day. A third man being in their company, I heartily wished that the landlady of the tavern which was robbed had been present, for an obvious reason. The company were too much intent on their plates, to afford conversation—and there was silence for the space of twenty minutes. We were but scurvily served—the victuals were unsavory, by the accumulation of many tastes, from the various joints boiled in the same cauldron, and roasted on spits rising above one another. The master waiter was saucy and impertinent; affecting to be witty, without common sense, and discovering himself a *cockney*—that is, a vulgar illiterate clown of the metropolis, the most intolerable being in the rational world.

We passed over Blackfriars-bridge, and just by the obelisk, beheld the demolition of two public houses, by an enraged mob. On enquiry we found that they were called crimping houses, in which several young men were confined; having been inveigled by certain wretches employed by the

East-India Company, under the specious pretext of enlisting them into the service of his Majesty,

The household furniture carried out by the mob, composed a magnificent and splendid blaze, in the eyes of the rejoicing rabble, which my companion said, reminded him of the great riots in 1780, when dwelling-houses, distilleries, and prisons were demolished without relenting, *and desolation covered all the city.*

We pursued our way home by a circle over the bridge at Westminster, the situation of which, upon the river, appears to me too much removed from the centre of business. Had it been erected just opposite Charing-cross, passengers would have been prevented a tedious retrograde circle, and carriages would more immediately have reached the court of St. James's, and the main streets that surrounded or lead to the Palace.

We walked through the Park, along the Mall, and had the pleasure of seeing their Majesties take coach from Buckingham-house to Windsor.

The Green-park, through which we passed to Piccadilly, is a delightful spot, and affords a pleasant scene to the great people around it. This and St. James's-park, also convey vernal pleasure to the citizens, their wives and daughters; who, in a land famed for freedom, mingle with the nobles, and even the princes.

Near Charing-cross, to which we passed through Spring-garden gate, a motly multitude was met at the door of a register-office, charging the principal inmate with having seduced a young woman, the daughter of a reputable tradesman, under the colour of procuring her an excellent place, and exposed

posed her to prostitution. This, the gentleman informed me was no uncommon practice at these offices for hiring servants, as bawds and other nefarious persons often meet a good market for their purpose: and the procurefs, in the comedy called the Minor, could say, "I shall call at the register office, and see what goods my advertisement has brought in—a nice young thing from the country never brushed by a beard."

The thirteenth day of my peregrination, I began with much perplexity of mind, as on the night preceding, I had been tormented by a dreadful dream; in which I imagined myself in a wide labyrinth, from which I could not extricate myself by every effort of my ingenuity. Hideous monsters affrighted my fancy, and fresh difficulties produced new terrors, till rushing with a resolve, the most daring, I impetuously precipitated myself from a precipice, which awaked me in the utmost horror.

However, as the day advanced, my spirit recovered its wonted hilarity, and after noon I walked into the city, as preparatory to meeting my charming Maria, agreeable to appointment. Move, ye moments, with a swifter pace, fly, ye minutes and hours, with more rapidity! Advance ye shades of evening before your stated period, and bring with your balmy zephyrs my fair one, to cheer my soul by her divine presence!

At a decent looking public house at the east end of the town, after having rambled several hours, I partook of a moderate refreshment, and was coming away, when the landlady, a gay young woman, fashionably decorated with ear-rings, and other gaudy ornaments, invited me to walk into  
the



the parlour, where I would find good company. I did so, and discovered a number of genteel persons smoking their pipes, and drinking their wine, or rum and water.

Soon after, one of the company proposed to play a game at cards with any who would chuse to beguile half a tedious hour. His proposal was accepted by one who sat next me, providing, he said, this young gentleman would take up the victor. I said nothing, but calling for a pint of porter, drew up my chair to the table, and looked on the game like any other by-stander.—I observed the advantage was greatly on one side, and much wondering at the perseverance of his feeble antagonist, formed a desire to try my hand; especially as it appeared that every thing was fair.

After some time the landlord, who also attended the game, cried out—"It is too bad that you should have all the amusement." "Would you like to take a hand, young gentleman, said one of the players," addressing himself to me. "We cannot lose a great deal—we play low; merely for diversion—sixpence, or so?"

An unhappy infatuation that moment suddenly seized me, and I yielded to the temptation, without fear of losing much money, and not without some expectation of winning some. The game was Put, and I had liberty to chuse my partner. Every art was used to rouse my passions. Bets with great odds were proposed. I won for a while, and growing warm, I resolved to commit violence on fortune. The bait was thrown out, and I swallowed it. Twice I was allowed to win the game, to secure me—but I soon observed an impetuous run of luck against me—I abruptly threw down the cards,

cards, and vowed most solemnly, that I would play no longer.

Then my opponent flew into a violent rage, and all the company joined in deriding my timidity. I, in my turn, grew angry, held up my stick, and with unparalleled temerity, called them a pack of sharpers.

This instantly augmented their fury. One of them offering to strike me, I knocked him down with my oak plant—I was quickly overcome—the candles were extinguished—I was laid flat on the floor, kicked and bruised without mercy—and, when I recovered myself, the sharpers were fled, and every guinea I had along with them.

I in vain remonstrated to the landlord, who threatened to send me on board the tender, lying off the Tower. Remaining obstinate, and still insisting on the return of my money, a mob surrounded the door, and broke his windows to pieces.

During the disorder, I found means to slip out at the back door, which led through a narrow court into the Minories,

It was now dark, and past the hour of my appointment with Maria. However, I called at the house to which her directions led me. I had barely an opportunity of just beholding her comely countenance, when she observing my face covered with blood, shrieked with a loud lamentation. I briefly related my misfortune, and the dear charmer of my heart presented me five guineas; proposing to meet me the next evening, in order to accompany me to Warwickshire.

Cheared by a promise so propitious to my wishes, I vowed the most unalienable affection for my

my fair-one; we then parted with reluctance that evening. I returned to my inn, and related the adventure to my good landlord.

To him also I communicated my design of leaving London the next day, when he most generously offered to lend me as much money as would defray the expence of the journey. That offer, however, I refused, and so retired to rest, after the disaster of the day.

Maria had so managed affairs with her uncle, by informing him of my distress, that he gave her a certain sum for my use, sending it with her and a trusty maid-servant to the Castle. Thus equipped, I found no difficulty to pay my landlord's bill; who, in return, found means to divert the maid, till Maria and I had got into the stage, which I had previously taken, and had even reached beyond the smoke of the metropolis.

On our arrival in Warwickshire, by the ardent interference of friends, I gained the consent of Maria's parents; on condition that I should not hinder her from attending the meeting of Quakers, into whose society they hoped I should soon be prevailed upon to enter.

Thus having given a sketch of the *frauds*, and *cheats of London*, and presented a view of the calamities incident to inexperienced youth, in order that others may be aware of the rocks upon which I had almost perished, I leave the candid and intelligent reader to make his own reflections on a subject so interesting.

THE END.





